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**THE**  
**ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY**  
Town Hall, Bombay.





# NOTES AND REFLECTIONS,

DURING

A RAMBLE IN THE EAST,

AN OVERLAND JOURNEY FROM INDIA,

VISIT TO ATHENS, &c.

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*we*

By C. R. BAYNES, Esq.

OF THE MADRAS CIVIL SERVICE.

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## P R E F A C E.

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I PREFIX a few words under this title, rather in compliance with an established custom, than from any necessity for preliminary explanation imposed by the character of the following pages. The name I have bestowed upon them accurately describes their contents; and, if there be any thing new in them, it will be found, not in the facts alluded to, or the scenes described, but in my reflections on them. Neither do I wish to occupy my own time in making, or that of others in reading, apologies for publishing my lucubrations, which by those who may chance to feel interested in them

will not be required, and by those of a contrary opinion would of course be rejected.

The very nature and style of my "Notes" free me from that anxiety which must be felt by aspirants to literary merit; for where expectations do not exist, disappointment cannot be sustained: but I must confess that my aim has been to amuse, by communicating to others what has entertained myself; and it would be affectation in me to pretend that I shall not be much disappointed, if I do not find that in some instances I have succeeded.

CHARLEYWOOD, *November*, 1842.

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# NOTES AND REFLECTIONS.

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## CHAPTER I.

### CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

ARRIVAL AT CAPE. SYNOPSIS OF PAST HISTORY. RESOURCES OF THE COLONY. CLIMATE. CAPE TOWN. INDIAN VISITERS' SOCIETY. POPULATION. STATE OF THE LOWER CLASSES AS AFFECTED BY SLAVE EMANCIPATION. WANT OF LABOUR. CHILDREN'S FRIEND SOCIETY. ADVANTAGES OF EMIGRATING TO THE CAPE. REMARKS ON EXISTING PREJUDICES AGAINST EMIGRATION. SIMON'S TOWN ROAD. CONSTANTIA. KALK BAY. SIMON'S TOWN SLAVERS.

AFTER a ten years' residence in India, illness compelled me to seek a restoration to health in an atmosphere more congenial to a European constitution than that which glows over the plains of Hindostan. Of the countries open for that purpose to my choice, under the regulations of the East India Company, I selected the Cape of Good Hope; and, embarking on the 8th of September, cast anchor in

Table Bay on the 18th of October, after a voyage remarkable for nothing but its celerity, and the almost unceasing favourable wind which bore us onward. The little strength which remained to me was nearly exhausted in landing; and the first weeks of my residence were spent in a struggle of nature between life and death; in which, aided by the delicious climate, the former prevailed: and, by the close of the year, I was enabled to wander with delight, rendered doubly acute by the transition from sickness to health, amid the varied beauties which Nature has scattered, with no sparing hand, over this favoured extremity of Africa.

At the Cape I passed eighteen months, which I number among the happiest of my life. Kindly and hospitably welcomed by as warm-hearted a society as ever stretched out to a stranger the right hand of fellowship—honoured with the intimacy of some of its leading members, the recollection of whose friendship I cherish with pleasure and pride—my days rolled happily on: more than this, on such a subject, I need not say; less, neither truth nor gratitude will permit me to record.

Some pains, however, which I employed in obtaining information on topics of general interest, connected with this valuable dependency of the British crown, may, perhaps, enable me to make a few remarks acceptable to that spirit of inquiry which characterises the age; and which, in some degree, animates every individual in wide-ruling Britain, filling each with a laudable and charitable curiosity to know the state, habits, and wants of every country, however distant, of every tribe, however low in the scale of civilisation, over which her sceptre stretches. Such information, mingled with slight notices of the general features of the country and its inhabitants, which impress the temporary sojourner more, perhaps, than the permanent resident, may serve to render the following sketch entertaining to the general reader.

Before touching on the present state of this colony, it may be interesting and instructing to look back to its origin, and trace the vicissitudes through which it has passed. In the year 1486 Bartholemew Dias, one of that adventurous band which, during the concluding years of the fifteenth century, so

memorably extended the limits of geographical science, carried the flag of Portugal round the southern extremity of Africa, to which he gave the name of the Cape of Storms: the sagacity of his countrymen, however, alive to the importance of the exploit, bestowed upon it the more inviting and better-omened appellation of the "Cabo de Boa Esperance;" and in 1497, four vessels, under the command of Vasco di Gama, sailed from Portugal, determined to defy its terrors, real or imaginary, and seek beyond it an ocean road to India. Though seen by these daring mariners, and by those who followed in their course during the sixteenth century, few Europeans ventured to set foot on the unknown and seemingly inhospitable coast: about 1600, however, the Dutch began to make more regular use of it, as a rendezvous for their ships voyaging to and from India. Their visits appear to have been confined to the time necessary for watering, till, in 1648, the ship Haarlem, belonging to the Dutch East India Company, being stranded in Table Bay, the crew were compelled to make a longer sojourn, and to occupy themselves in ascertaining the resources and capa-

bilities of the country. The result of their observations we find curiously and quaintly recorded in a paper dated at Amsterdam, July 26, 1649, addressed to the Dutch East India Company by two of the individuals who had suffered shipwreck in the Haarlem, and entitled "A Remonstrance, in which is briefly set forth and explained the Service, Advantage, and Profit which will accrue to the United Chartered East India Company from making a Fort and Garden at the Cabo de Boa Esperance."

Instigated by the benefits therein depicted as likely to ensue, the Dutch East India Company, about the close of the year 1651, despatched an expedition, consisting of three sail, under the command of Jan Van Riebeeck, who, as his Diary informs us, "on the 5th April 1652, about the fifth glass of the afternoon watch, got sight (God be praised!) of the land of the Cabo de Boa Esperance," and on the following day proceeded to take possession of ground, and to carry into effect the instructions of his masters, for the erection of a fort and the formation of a garden; the latter being an object of primary importance, as furnishing the most effectual remedies against that scourge

of the sailor, which modern skill and improvement have well nigh banished from the seas, —the scurvy.

Thus did European civilisation first plant its foot on this once savage region. It is not my purpose to trace its progress, or detail how the small spot occupied by the first settlers grew, in time and by circumstances, into the extensive colony which is now comprised under the name of the Cape; but the brief outline here given may furnish matter of interesting reflection to those who regard the free and natural actions of men as causes used by the hand of Providence in the production of effects necessary to the completion of its all-wise designs. On the wreck of a single ship we have seen depend a chain of events, the final result of which is still hidden by the veil of the future, but which, without being too sanguine, we may anticipate to be the diffusion of Christianity and civilisation over the vast continent of Africa.

The Cape remained in possession of the original settlers until 1795, when it fell by the fortune of war into that of the English: restored by the treaty of Amiens in 1802, and again

taken' in 1806, it was finally ceded to Britain in the year 1814. Like most other colonies of Great Britain, it has been fated to experience from time to time the retarding effects of injudicious legislation and mismanagement: its own internal resources, aided and called forth by the enterprise of the colonists, have however, successfully struggled against all obstacles; and in these times, when emigration is so strongly urged by the circumstances of the Mother Country upon her overflowing population, no country has greater, perhaps none such great and solid advantages to offer to the intending emigrant as the Cape. A reference to the map exhibits the Cape Colony as embracing the whole southern extremity of Africa, and running for some distance up both its western and eastern coast. It is divided into eleven districts, the productions of which vary, but which are proved to be together capable of producing, under the industrious hand of man, all that is necessary for his maintenance and comfort. The present contents of its markets—cattle, sheep, goats, horses, wheat, barley, oats, wine, brandy, potatoes, salt, butter, wool, and tobacco, with fruits and

vegetables of all sorts, as in Europe—give evidence of a climate and soil, the one genial to the human constitution, and the other productive of the commodities most essential to its support: the climate, indeed, experience has proved to be one of the healthiest in the world. An inhabitant of our colder regions would omit winter from the catalogue of Cape seasons, and divide the year into spring, summer, and autumn: nor, indeed, is there any part of the year deserving of the title, or any weather which interrupts the labour of the agriculturist. As to the husbandman of Italy, so to him of the Cape;

“ Redit labor actus in orbem,  
Atque in se sua per vestigia volvitur annus.”

“ Task follows task, in never-ending train;  
The circling seasons on each other tread.”

The leaves, it is true, fall, but it is merely to give place to a new foliage: the interval is not sufficient, as in northern climes, to mark an epoch in man's life, or impress upon his mind the moral drawn from the subject by the father of poets;

“ As is the race of leaves, so is the race of men,”

On the summit of some of the more lofty mountains, at about thirty or forty miles from Cape Town, its inhabitants have an occasional opportunity of beholding snow; which, however, I believe, never reaches the plains, or visits the towns, although some hail which fell during my stay there, large, and well frozen, furnished me with the means of explaining to my Indian servant what ice was.

Cape Town presents to the arriving voyager an imposing appearance from the sea, prettily situated in a sort of amphitheatre, formed by the Lion and Table mountains, along the base, and round the shoulder of which latter, to the left, runs the road to Simon's Town, passing through the beautiful little villages of Wynberg and Rondabosch.

The town itself is somewhat irregular and unequal in the style of its houses: small and inferior buildings are mingled with the large mansion-looking dwellings, which, in the palmy days of the Dutch government, were doubtless the frequented abodes of plenty and hospitality, while at the present day they seem but half inhabited; the wealthier and more influential members of society now preferring

the cool and quiet retirement of the villas, which most of them possess in the vicinity, to the heat and bustle of the town itself.

The passing traveller, halting there for a few days on his road to or from India, generally sojourns at one of the boarding houses, several of which are kept by respectable individuals, for the purpose of their reception. Those who make a longer stay commonly resort to similar establishments at some distance from the town, or engage houses in the neighbourhood, which may usually be effected without much difficulty.

The circumstance of so great a number of passengers now proceeding by the shorter route to India, and the decrease of shipping which will probably ensue, must, of course, be felt as a disadvantage by Cape Town; nor does the geographical position of the colony, at first view, give rise to much hope that the wondrous powers which are now, in effect, drawing nearer to the centre of civilisation the most distant countries of the globe will extend their beneficial operations to this portion of Africa. These drawbacks, however, will probably prove but a temporary check to

the prosperity of the Cape: it has within itself immense resources, elements of a state of things which may make it desirable and profitable for Europe to have more speedy communication with it; this state of things, it of course mainly rests with the colonists themselves to bring about, and the enterprise of England is sure to do its part. Steam navigation would appear to be yet in its infancy; not a year elapses unmarked by some improvements; and it is impossible to say in how short a period the voyage to the Cape may be performed.

“The population of Cape Town amounts, I should say, to about twenty-four thousand, and is of a very mixed description. The higher circles of society are principally filled by the functionaries of government, civil, military, and naval, and by the leading English merchants and men of business, as well as by a comparatively small number of the original Dutch families, many of whom have now intermarried and are connected with the more recent comers.

The same may be said of the tradespeople: the English greatly preponderate; the shops themselves are well supplied; and the fashion-

able world of Cape Town certainly has resources at its command greater than can be boasted of by many provincial towns in England. The lower orders of the population are composed of a motley crowd of Malays, Hottentots, Caffres, and other African tribes, together with the various mixtures resulting from the intercourse of these more distinct races. Low sensuality, and excessive indolence, I should say, are the leading features of their character: provided they can obtain sufficient for the gratification of their appetites, they appear little disposed to work in order to acquire those additional comforts and luxuries which even the poorer classes in European countries regard as almost necessities of life. This may arise from the majority having only lately received the gift of freedom; or, to use other words, had imposed on them the duty of providing for themselves. I was at the Cape when this great change was made in their condition; and sadly ill-prepared were the greater part for their novel duties. It is useless now to speak of "Slave Emancipation," once the theme of the world's debate; it is done, and no one would wish it undone: but

this may be said, I am sure, of the Cape, and, I fancy, of most other slave colonies—that much of the benefit to all parties concerned, which might have accrued from an unanimous recognition of the great truth that “freedom is the right of all men,” and from a cordial wish and determination to bestow that right on all, in the manner and at the season most conducive to their welfare, has been lost by the injudicious and indiscriminating manner in which it was at once extended to all. Many excellent and temperate measures were suggested for the gradual accomplishment of so desirable an end; all were rejected: the cry for unconditional, universal emancipation, arose from every tea-table in the land; and the legislature, yielding to, and mingling with, the torrent, consented to a measure which must ever remain an historical monument of crude and enthusiastic, well-intentioned, though mistaken, legislation. Had the extermination of the unfortunate race whose condition it was intended to ameliorate been a given problem, human ingenuity could not have devised a more certain and speedy solution. “Look there,” said a Dutchman to

me, pointing to two or three servants employed in cleaning a quantity of large fish, and who were carefully collecting all the offal in a pail; "six months ago those were my slaves, and used to complain and grumble if they were required to make more than two fish dinners in a week: you have made them free, and they are now saving that garbage for food." That the measure may prove ultimately beneficial to the human race in general is no reason why every means should not have been employed to render the inconvenience of its introduction, temporary though it may be, as slight as circumstances admitted. Great inconvenience certainly was sustained at the Cape: it had to look, and is still looking, for a new class of labourers; that desideratum must be found, or the progress of this fine colony will be greatly impeded, if not altogether checked. One method by which they sought to supply this want was the introduction into the colony, as apprentices, of a number of destitute children from England. A Society for the purpose was formed in London, and a Corresponding Committee constituted at the Cape. In their operations, which gave rise to

so much discussion in England, I took great interest; and, after a ramble among the farms, in which many of them were employed as agricultural labourers, I addressed a letter to the Chairman of the Committee at the Cape, which I insert, as tending to give an accurate notion of the real state of this much disputed case:—

Cape Town, October, 1839.

Dear Sir,

Having heard many conflicting opinions expressed as to the result of the experiment made by the “Children’s Friend Society,” in sending from England to this colony a number of children destitute of any equally promising and eligible mode of provision at home, I have endeavoured to form for myself an opinion, grounded on actual observation; and it occurs to me that, as one of the philanthropic individuals who have mainly interested themselves in the conduct of the experiment, you may wish to be acquainted with the conclusions I have arrived at. On ten different farms, situated in the valley of Drakenstein, the Paarl, and neighbourhood of Stellenbosch, I have seen

and inquired into the condition of twenty-five children,—a number which, though small, may surely be regarded as a fair sample of the whole, inasmuch as the same causes produce the same effects, and similar circumstances will induce similar conduct in men similarly situated, whose habits, ideas, occupations, and interests are alike.

Premising this, I must declare that my observations have impressed me with a conviction that the emigrant boys are well fed, well clothed, kindly treated, and not overworked ; in short, are in every respect far better off than those of their own class in England. The objects of the Society appear to me to have been most fully answered, if they consisted in wishing to remove to a country where honest labour will always insure a decent and comfortable maintenance, a portion of the inhabitants of a land not able to hold out a similar certainty to all its population.

These are my conscientious opinions. The inquiry which led me to form them was, I think, conducted in a manner well adapted to the discovery of the truth. Coming suddenly among its objects, no warning was given, or

time allowed, for the adoption of fictitious conduct on one side or the other : the master could assume no appearance of unusual kindness ; the apprentice had neither leisure nor inducement to concoct any querulous or unfounded complaint.

Although in no single instance have I heard a complaint of unkind treatment from the boys, or any but the kindest and most benevolent feelings expressed towards them by the masters, yet I attach less weight to these facts, than to various minute and incidental circumstances to which my attention was directed, as leading with greater certainty to a knowledge of the actual state of things, than any open inquiry or professed investigation can ever possibly do.

I will, by way of illustration, mention a few of the cases adverted to in the above remark ; omitting names, as answering no useful purpose, and in no way affecting the argument.

At A.'s farm, when the business of the day was concluded, shortly before supper, two boys brought in their Bible to read to their master, apparently quite as a matter of course. I requested permission to set them a chapter, which they read by alternate verses ; then,

without order, and to my surprise, commenced singing the Evening Hymn. This could not have been got up for the occasion, for they sang well.

B., in narrating to me some story of an attack upon his sheepfold, says, "On this, two of my children ran out." I find that he is speaking of emigrants in his service. I had subsequent occasion to notice, that this worthy man not only called them his children, but treated them as such.

Calling upon C. a second time, I remark "I scarcely expected to find you at home, as you said you were going to Cape Town." "Yes, and we were all ready to start, but a horse trod upon one of the boys, and hurt his foot; the doctor said there was no danger, but my wife did not like to leave the house till it is quite well." I am quite certain that I never should have heard this, had I not accidentally put the question; and I ask, what English farmer would have put off an intended journey for so trifling a reason? Would the boy's own mother have done it?

In one family I addressed a lad, supposing him to be one of the emigrants, and found it

was one of the farmer's own sons. I apologised for the mistake. "How should you know?" said the father; "they are all dressed alike, and doing the same work:" and so, indeed, they were.

Meeting a youth of eighteen at work, on D.'s farm, the following conversation passed between us:—"Well, R., how do you like your situation here?" "Not at all."—"Why not?" "The work is hard."—"What work?" "Digging vineyards."—"Is that any new or unusual work? Have not men always done it?" "Yes, I know that."—"Do you think you could get your livelihood any where without hard work?" "I suppose not."—"Do you get well fed?" "Yes, plenty to eat."—"Is your master kind to you?" "Yes, master's kind enough."—"And to the other boys?" "Yes."—"Can you read?" "Yes; master has us in to read, every other evening, and he talks of sending us to school once a fortnight."—"Do you remember how the labourers in England work?" "Yes, very hard."—"Do you work harder?" "No, not so hard as that."—"Do they get as good food?" "No, I know they do not."—"You say you are all kindly treated

by your master: did you ever hear of others that were not?" "Yes, a boy ran away from Mr. V., who said he did so because he was starved."—"How do you know that?" "He ran away with a Hottentot girl, and was caught in our orange grove."—"Did he look starved?" "No."—"Now do you really think he was telling truth?" "I think he must have told stories."

Now this I look upon as peculiarly valuable evidence on many accounts; it comes from one evidently disposed to have given a bad character of his master, and possessing a mind discontented, and on the look-out for cause of complaint. Yet what is he able to say?"—"he is obliged to work for his living." "For shame!" said I to him, "compare your own condition—employed in digging the light soil of a vineyard, in this delightful climate, and, according to your own account, well fed, well clothed, well lodged, and kindly treated—with that of the thousands in England and Ireland, who, as you admit, work harder, and yet possess, none of these advantages." We see, also, on what grounds reports to the detriment of the farmers have got into circulation. A young

scamp runs away with a girl, and is caught on another man's property stealing oranges; when apprehended, he of course utters the first excuse that presents itself to his mind,—“his master starved him,” a statement to which his appearance gives the lie direct; and thus the character of a man whom I know to be most benevolent and good-hearted is maligned and traduced.

I had been informed that it was stated on similar authority, that G. had beaten a boy in his service so severely as to render him deaf. Riding in the neighbourhood, I perceived a boy herding cattle. I accosted him in my usual tone of voice, and received answers: this was the deaf boy! He gave a very satisfactory account of his condition; and, though I put some questions of rather a more leading nature than was quite fair towards his master, could elicit no complaint of unkind treatment. Coming unexpectedly to K.'s farm I saw a young girl taking care of an infant, which could just utter her name, and cried if taken from her, evidently indicating that her employment was one which, I think, any one who understands human nature will admit secures

kindness for herself. This girl, like the emigrants in general, described herself as being very happy, and perfectly contented. I examined her in her Catechism, and found her quite perfect.

I could give many more such instances, but I think I have said enough to explain to you the kind of evidence and observation on which my opinion, as given above, has been framed, and I have now occupied enough of your time; not more than the importance of the subject requires, but more than my capacity for judging entitles me to claim attention for. I will therefore conclude with my assurances of the respect which I entertain for the benevolent and charitable exertions of yourself and colleagues, and with my sincere congratulations on the success which, in spite of all obstacles, natural and created, appears to have crowned them.

I am, &c.

It is indeed much to be regretted that any thing should have occurred to prejudice the minds of the people of England against emigration to this fine colony. The skilful crafts-

man is sure to find there, what, in his sphere of life, should be thought a competency. The agricultural labourer, certain of employment, finds thousands of rich acres inviting his toil; and the man from whose mind travel has removed the local prejudices which dwell about the native hearth, and who has taught himself to consider "all places which the eye of heaven visits as ports and happy havens," is both surprised and grieved to see multitudes choosing to starve on a spot because it is "home," rather than seek, in other parts of their sovereign's dominions, those advantages and opportunities which the one quarter into which they choose to crowd themselves cannot possibly supply to all. Prejudices of the kind above adverted to, cause the words "compulsory emigration" to sound harshly; but are we in a condition to be frightened at a sound? and, when calmly considered, this bugbear will be found to be nothing more. Would any one accuse a father of harshness, who, having it in his power to offer to a son the means of earning an honest livelihood in India or the colonies, should say to him, "If you reject this, I am obliged to warn you that you must expect no further aid

from me"? and ought such a charge to be brought against the country which should treat her children in the same way?

Political necessity convinces me that I *must*, Christian charity teaches me that I *ought* to, contribute, according to my means, to the support of the sick and aged poor, or to assist them under temporary pressure arising out of passing circumstances; but neither on the one account nor the other do I feel bound to maintain, year after year, in idleness, those who, if they chose, might earn their own livelihood in a country where there is food and work for them, instead of obstinately staying in one destitute of both. This is perhaps felt as a grievance, more especially by those who, acting differently themselves, have left their native country, and on their return find themselves called upon to contribute a large portion of their hard-won earnings to feed those who would perhaps deliberately refuse to take the same means of acquiring independence. Why should not a parish in England hold land in the colonies, and be allowed to say to applicants for work, "Yes, we will give it to you on our farm at the Cape of Good Hope?" No

owner of an estate would allow his labourers to dictate to him in which particular field they should work, or permit them all to crowd into one; to the neglect and ruin of the rest; and why should Great Britain not have the power of employing her labourers in whatever field of her immense estate is found most convenient to her? But I am involving myself in subjects beyond the limits of a traveller's sketch; so naturally however connected with Cape Town, that one, who has its welfare at heart, cannot help dwelling on them, at least, while he is in it, so to break the spell I must quit it, and take a drive to Simon's Town.

Simon's Town is distant about twenty-one miles from Cape Town. The road for the first nine miles is exceedingly pretty, and passes through two very picturesque villages, Wynberg and Rondabosch. It is in its greatest beauty during the months of November, December, and January, the hottest portion of the year; when the various flowers, and especially the heaths, which I believe exist in greater variety on this particular spot than on any other in the world, are in their full luxuriance. I dare not trust my memory to say

how many different kinds of plants I gathered without moving from a circle of which my foot was the revolving centre. A grass plat is often compared to a verdant carpet, or to green velvet ; if we would retain the metaphor in speaking of the commons and patches of open ground in this neighbourhood, we must describe them as covered with a Turkey carpet of the richest and most variegated hues. Shortly after leaving Rondabosch these beauties disappear, and the remainder of the road to Simon's Town is carried over a most desolate, looking flat country, without any interest whatever, unless indeed the sea, along which it runs for the last six miles, may be considered as enlivening it. By diverging, however, a little from the road near Wynberg, an opportunity is afforded of visiting the vineyards of Constantia, so celebrated for the rich wine of that name, which can be made only from the grapes grown in that particular soil, the quantity of which is very limited ; and I was assured by a proprietor it was impossible to increase the vineyards, the ground, a few yards only beyond their present limits, having been found to produce grapes of a very different flavour.

The four sorts of grapes from which the Constantia wines, of as many different kinds, are made, are the black Pontac, white Frontignac, and the white and red Muscadel. These wines are sold on the spot at 20*l.* 17*l.* 15*l.* and 12*l.* respectively, for the half aum, a measure equal to about nineteen gallons. All these grapes are produced of delicious flavour and excellent quality in the other vineyards of the colony, but at Constantia they certainly are superexcellent. In order to make the wine, they are allowed to become raisins on the tree, and are not gathered till the other vintage is complete.

Returning into the Simon's Town road we arrive at "Kalk Bay," the first of a succession of four small indentations which the sea makes in the line of rocky coast, extending to Simon's Town. Here there is a whale fishing establishment, and a few tolerably comfortable cottage residences, in one of which, built on a rock jutting out into the sea, and almost surrounded by it at high tides, I passed two months most agreeably in company with a member of my own service, who, like myself, had been driven by illness from his post in India. Here we gained "health from the breeze," though but

little "shelter from the storm." A single servant who had followed me from India constituted our entire household, and we were compelled to prove that the luxuries, so called, of the east, had not rendered us helpless or dependent. My friend, should these pages meet his eye, will smile at the recollection of our "philosophical life," and admit that we derived almost as much pleasure from being disencumbered of the superfluity of Indian attendance, as from exchanging the barbarous documents of an Asiatic office for the pages of Tacitus and Virgil.

Simon's Town is the naval head-quarters of the South African station, and contains an arsenal well appointed, and in such order as all such things belonging to England are; beyond this it has nothing to interest the traveller, and a more miserable looking, rock founded, sandy soiled, treeless place, it is impossible to imagine. One of my visits to it, however, I considered well repaid by an opportunity which it gave me of inspecting a "slaver," which had been recently captured by one of H. M.'s cruisers: the unfortunate captives had been removed, but I knew how

many it had contained, and I saw the space in which they had been stowed. The "slave deck" was about three feet and a half high, of course an upright posture was out of the question; the area did not admit of the number taking a recumbent one, and the miserable wretches were reduced to a cramped position, in which, seated on the floor, the knees were drawn up towards the chin.

I obtained from unquestionable authority an account of the discipline observed on board. Each morning, the fore-hatchway being opened, the slaves are made to ascend one by one; a man standing at the hatch gives to each as he passes a mouthful of vinegar and water to wash his mouth; he passes on to the waist, where a bucket of cold water is thrown over him; and after being roughly wiped with a coarse cloth, he descends by the main hatchway to the infernal pit from which he emerged, having received his cleansing, his exercise, his air, for the day! Even British humanity, when it had succeeded in rescuing the unhappy creatures from the grasp of their oppressors, could do little to better their condition till the ship was brought into port: of course,

every thing that could be done to alleviate their misery was done, but when the morning came, and the slave deck was unpacked, it was generally found that, in the watches of the night, some poor African had terminated his earthly troubles, and gone to bear witness at the bar of eternal justice against his murderers. Storm-smitten on the waters be every flag that waves over such a diabolical traffic.

But I have now lingered long enough in towns, and so quitting them for the present, will endeavour to convey to my reader some notion of the surrounding country; of the farms and the farmers, "the Boers," as, retaining their own vernacular expression, the Dutch farmers are universally called.

## CHAP. II.

## A RIDE AMONG THE WINE FARMS.

NATURE OF THE COUNTRY. HOUSES. MODE OF LIVING.  
 MANNERS OF THE BOERS, THEIR HABITS AND MORALS.  
 EDUCATION. PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY. OCCUPATIONS OF  
 THE FARMERS. VINE DRESSING. WINE. SCENERY IN  
 THE "WAGGON MAKERS' VALLEY."

CAPE TOWN and its adjacent villages are, as it were, insulated from the rest of the colony by an extensive sandy belt, or tract of desert, called the "Flats," the difficulty and labour of crossing which is perhaps the only objection which can be urged against the town as the capital of the colony. The breadth of this sterile girdle cannot, I should say, be less than from fifteen to seventeen miles, and the journey across it involves an unpleasant and uninteresting ride of about three hours; an exertion which is, however, amply repaid by arriving in a rich and fertile country, green with vineyards, blooming with orange groves, watered by delicious little streamlets, and studded with neat white farm houses. Such

are the features of the country about and between Hottentot's Holland, Stellenbosch, the Valley of the Drakenstein, and the Paarl; in which localities the principal wine farms are situated. To me, however, the primitive and simple inhabitants were even more interesting than the beauties of nature amid which they dwelt. For them, it may be truly said,

— “*procul discordibus armis  
Fundit humo facilem victum justissima tellus.*”

The whole of this beautiful description of rural happiness and contentment might be applied to them without flattery; theirs, comparatively, if not actually, is the “*nescia fallere vita;*” while those who know them will admit that

— “*molles sub arbore somni  
Non absunt:*”

I never appreciated these parts of the Georgics so fully as among these good people, which must be my excuse for borrowing the language of Virgil to describe them. Of their mode of living I do not think I can give a better idea, than by extracting from my note

book a memorandum made at the time on the subject.

In every farm-house the style of living, the hours, and customs, appear nearly, if not entirely, similar; sufficient for the more wealthy, and within the means of the less opulent, but little room is thus afforded for the exercise of that idle vanity of display, which, preferring empty show to solid comfort, is productive of so much misery in our own country. There is scarcely any variety even in the construction of the houses, all have the "stoep," or raised foot pavement, running along the front, which is to the Cape Boer what the "hearth" is to the Englishman: the abode of the penates, the seat of honour of the house. Any disrespect shown to this sacred spot, is much felt by them: any offence or insult is greatly aggravated by the stoep being made the theatre of its perpetration; and I have known considerable irritation caused by a stranger, ignorant of their peculiarity in this matter, inadvertently bringing his horse upon it. On entering is the hall, in which the family sit, containing two or three small tables; and a few venerable looking chairs,

with moveable cushions, very softly stuffed; immediately facing the hall, and generally communicating with it by folding doors, is the "eating room;" while to the right and left, also opening into the hall, are two bed-rooms, one of which is always reserved as the best, or guest's room; behind are the other bed-rooms and offices. All the rooms are commonly paved with large square bricks, painted or enamelled with some sort of composition, which contributes to ornament as well as cleanliness, though its smoothness renders necessary some care in walking upon it. In the spare room I always noticed, in addition to the more ordinary furniture, a massive old wardrobe; the feather beds were remarkably soft, the sheets white as snow, and as clean. To quarters such as these they welcome the stranger on the slightest introduction, rivalling in this respect the far-famed hospitality of the East; though their portion may be scantier, the good will with which they give it is not less abundant. Their occupations lead them to rise early; and before six the "Vrow," or gude woman of the house, has her shining brass kettle of coffee on the

equally resplendent brazier of charcoal which supports it; and, sitting down by it, proceeds to dispense its contents to all comers. At eight the "Vrow," respectfully approaching her husband, who has returned from his work, notifies that breakfast is on table. Of this meal she herself seldom partakes, at least not in company with the other members of the family: remaining at a side table, she prepares the tea and coffee, which a female servant hands to the rest of the party, while she herself rises, and presents a cup to her husband.

The breakfast table is well covered with eggs, ham, biltongue or cured venison, cold meats, fresh butter, and excellent home-made brown bread; one of the children is called upon by the father to say grace, unless a very aged person, as a grandfather or grandmother, be present, in which case they ask the blessing. Breakfast concluded, all depart to their respective tasks, from which they return at twelve to dinner; this meal consists of substantial joints of fresh or corned mutton, and frequently a couple of fowls, butter, cheese, and excellent wholesome unadulterated wine; pastry is often

added, but all is put on the table at once. The dinner service is invariably white; and, as well as the table cloth, is always most scrupulously clean. In large families, where the father has sons of such an age as to be able to superintend the business of the farm, he usually indulges himself with a siesta, and contrives to be in or about the house about three o'clock, at which hour a servant hands round a tray containing small cups of tea, with milk, frequently in a silver ewer, and two cut glass jars, one filled with sweetmeats, and the other with water, in which stand two or more very small silver forks, with which they help themselves to the confection, and replace them in the water. The labour of the day being over, about seven the family assemble in the hall, and a glass of wine is handed to each; few speak except the master of the house, and he is listened to with respect. A woman's voice is seldom heard, save in answer to a question; at eight the Vrow announces that supper is ready: this meal much resembles the dinner in its component parts; it is, perhaps, their principal meal: about nine a small glass of spirits, which they

term a "sopee," is brought to each of the men, and the party separates for the night.

The manners of these hospitable and simple people are instinctively and innately polite; with less action than the French, they display more warmth than the English, and never did any class of men make on my mind a more favourable impression, than the Dutch Boers of the Cape colony. Such were my observations, made while passing my time very pleasantly among them, and such I believe is the unvarying tenour of their lives, unless when a birth, marriage, or death disturbs for a while the daily routine of the family, and begets unusual relaxation and festivity; even to the latter event, this term is somewhat applicable, for the custom of the "funeral feast" still indicates their derivation from the old Germanic root, and carries back the ideas of the Englishman to his Saxon progenitors. Such a life may appear dull, monotonous, and uninteresting to those who have the power of comparing it with the excitements of European society, and the diversified pursuits which are the result of refinement and civilisation: to those who have not, happily for themselves,

the means of making this comparison, no such reflections can present themselves, and even if they were aware of all that passes, of all that is to be enjoyed, and all that is to be suffered in the wide world, beyond their own little corner, I believe many of these would be found strong-minded and philosophical enough to decline any change, and exclaim,

“ Happy the man, whose wish and care  
A few paternal acres bound ;  
Content to breathe his native air,  
On his own ground.”

The world is apt to sneer at the “ fruges consumere nati,” the men born to eat, drink, sleep, and die; yet such an existence, though devoid of exciting pleasure, is at least little liable to the bitter griefs and disappointments which lurk, like snakes in grass, amid the chances and varieties of a busier life, and when coupled, as in the case of my Cape friends I verily believe it to be, with much sound practical piety, and a simple desire to do their duty to God and man, it is perhaps the happiest state in this world, and that least dangerous to man's welfare in the next. As far as my opportunities enabled me to judge, I was led to form

a very high opinion of the morality of the Cape Boers: better regulated families cannot be; an indecent or profane expression never met my ear, drunkenness I never beheld, respect to parents exists in a degree which, in these days, is not sufficiently common in our own country, and religious worship is invariably attended, even though great difficulties be in the way. It is not unusual for a family to travel in their waggon a journey of from four to five hours to church, and in order to receive the sacrament they will consume a whole week in journeying, greatly of course to their temporal inconvenience and loss. One trait in their character to which I have alluded, the absence of drunkenness, may seem strange in a country abounding with wine. Had I not seen it practised, I should hardly have thought their mode of education in this respect likely to produce the temperate habits which it certainly does. Their plan is simply this, never to tell the children it is wrong to take wine, never to forbid them the use of it; from their infancy they see it all around them, they may help themselves. Some perhaps take a little more than would be good for a continuance. The evil

is its own cure; no remark is made, headache and the usual accompaniments of excess are experienced, and it is not repeated: the result is a temperate habit, in the midst of temptation to intemperance.

I cannot part with these good people, without mentioning that the only real philosopher I ever met in my life was one of them. He was, indeed, pre-eminent among his neighbours, who gave him the name of "the philosopher;" and I cannot resist relating the method in which they put his pretensions to that title to the proof. Having safely housed in his "stores," the produce of the year, he paid a visit to Cape Town on some business, and while there was attacked with a dangerous illness, which detained him some time: as soon as his health permitted, he set out on his return home. On the very day before a fire reduced to ashes his barns; his crops, his wine stores, and their contents: all were destroyed—he was ruined. Knowing him to be on his road home, a group of his friends waited his arrival at the entrance of the village, some to communicate the sad news, but many professedly, "to see what the philosopher would do or say." He heard—his

serenity was undisturbed, his countenance altered not: not a complaint escaped him; but, on the contrary, a thanksgiving to Almighty God for the preservation of the lives of his family! "I wish," said I to him, one day when we were talking over this misfortune; "you would give me your receipt for preserving equanimity under such circumstances." — "It is a very simple one," he replied; "when I heard what was gone, I ran over in my mind the many things the great and good God had left me, and so I thanked him for them."

Having said so much of the domestic habits and morals of the Dutch farmers at the Cape; I must add a few words on the subject of their occupation, their labours, and the results of them. The staple articles of their production are wine and corn; in the former consists their greatest foreign trade, while with the second they have generally supplied themselves, and had a little to spare. Of late years European speculation has begun to bring sheep-farming into vogue; and I am informed that the wool bids fair to prove at once a source of private wealth and colonial prosperity. The vines of various sorts are planted

in rows at three feet apart, and at the same distance from each other in the row; they are kept cut low, so as to resemble the currants and gooseberries of our own gardens; their annual pruning and digging between the rows, together with a biennial manuring, constitute the outdoor labour of the wine farmer. His manufacturing process is very simple; the little brandy, about two per cent., which he adds to the pure juice of the grape, he makes on his own farm from the refuse of the mash tub; and as soon as the process is complete, the wine is sent to Cape Town, where several merchants have large stores, and purchase it for exportation. It has evidently been the intention of the legislature to patronise this staple commodity of the Cape market. Low duties, however, have not caused the transmission to England, of generally good wine, or rather have not caused the production of it, for of course the merchants of Cape Town send the best they can get; and from the wine having a bad name in the English market, much advantage is lost to the colony. That *excellent* wine can be made, I know from pleasant experience. Often have I asked the

farmer, "Why do you not make all your wine like this?" The various reasons alleged in reply generally amounted to an expression of their conviction that it would not pay. I could not find, however, that any had given it a fair trial; nor indeed could any individual farmer do so. As "Cape wine," his produce must go into the market; and if he took more than the ordinary care, or employed more than the usual labour in its manufacture, he would fear, and perhaps justly, that the superior quality of his small quantity would not be recognised, nor his wine produce a proportionably higher price. I should think that, in a matter so deeply affecting their mutual interests, the grower and the merchant, through whom the wine passes into the European market, might advantageously co-operate; the native farmer striving to produce a better article, the merchant exerting himself to obtain for it its due place in the market. I am sure a wine might be made fully equal to the marsala, and ordinary sherries now consumed in England, and of course at a greatly inferior price; nor would India refuse to take

a large supply of such wine as I have tasted at the Cape.

I have mentioned the general features of the "wine country" as rich, fertile, and picturesque. Some parts are eminently beautiful; one spot in particular attracted my notice; every one who has visited the colony will either have seen or heard of the beauties of the Waggon Makers' Valley. It is, indeed, a lovely spot, realising a poet's dream: deliciously blended in one sheltered nook are all those luxuries and ornaments of Nature, which the imagination delights in attributing to Paradise. The grassy velvet slope, the steeper wood-clad hill, the lofty overhanging rock, the bubbling stream of crystal water, the waving corn, the golden orange, the bursting fig, the clustering grape, the flower-enamelled ground, the fragrant air, the clear blue sky, all combine to enrapture and tranquillise the heart, to beget thoughts pure and heavenly as the scene. His soul must be much defiled by earth who can gaze on it without feeling or without improvement; without longing to cast off the corporal infirmities which clog the immortal part of man, and in such a spot to

rest for ever, with no other employment than to thank the Giver, and to praise the Creator. Such flights as these, however, are not long sustainable by our present faculties; we soon return to earth, when we quit what has for the moment lifted us above it.

As a break, in my way down, I will endeavour to give a slight sketch of the Moravian Mission Station at Genadendal, whose zealous members are striving to fulfil the prophecy, and make the desert blossom as the rose.

## CHAP. III.

## A VISIT TO GENADENDAL.

FRANSCHÉ HOEK PASS. INN. ARRIVAL AT GENADENDAL.  
ACCOUNT OF THE MORAVIAN BRETHREN. SYSTEM OF CON-  
VERSION ADOPTED BY THEM IN AFRICA. CHURCH SERVICE.  
CHILDREN'S LITURGY. SERVICE IN A FARM-HOUSE. BATHS  
OF CALEDON.

GENADENDAL, or the "Vale of Grace," is situated in the district of Swellendam, and is distant upwards of 100 miles from Cape Town. I was in the Drakenstein valley when, incited by the very interesting account I had heard of the Moravian Brethren, I determined to visit this their principal station in Southern Africa. In order to reach it, I had to pass the ridge of mountains which bound the valley; this is effected by a pass called the Fransche Hoek, the road through which, with its gradually ascending and descending slopes, must have been a work of much labour, and is in every way a great credit to the colony. In consequence of the serpentine nature of the road, the distance actually travelled in going through

the pass cannot, I should say, be much less than ten miles: the road is kept in very tolerable repair by contract, and a small toll is levied on passengers. Since journeying through the Franche Hoek, I have seen the passes of Ceylon and the Alps; and although I must admit that it cannot be put on an equality with them, still it dwells in my remembrance along with those palaces of Nature, where, throned in her primæval grandeur, she seems to sit, and mock at man and his puny works. Crag rises over crag; one ravine yawns beneath another; around, above, and below, is the self-planted forest; and amid all, making music harmonious to such a scene, a mountain torrent comes leaping and foaming on its way to the plain below. Having heard that the individual who kept the toll-gate combined with his other employment the duties of an inn-keeper, and that good accommodation could be procured at his house, which is situated at the further end of the pass, I determined on passing the night there, being fully prepared, by a long and rather fatiguing ride, to account the general description "good accommodation" verified by the most ordinary fare and quarters.

With these humble anticipations I inquired for a bed and supper; my host, a Dane, replied by ushering me into a very gaily-furnished bed-chamber, having a fire-grate and mantel-piece in the English style—a thing never seen in the houses of the Dutch farmers—a large glass over it, and a number of ornamental knick-knacks upon the chimney-piece, among which were three musical boxes, which were forthwith started for my entertainment while preparing for supper, which, seeing my host to be a character, I thought myself quite safe in trusting to his discretion;—nor was I wrong; I should have been more surprised at the excellent leg of mutton or the plump fowl which smoked on the board, had not my attention been engrossed by the equipage of the table, and the high polish of the silver spoons and forks which it displayed: I wondered, as did Julian Peveril when supping with Ganlesse; and if he was astonished and delighted at the unexpected production of the flask of champagne, I was not less so at seeing my host at my elbow in the act of inserting the cork-screw into a bottle of English ale: he entertained me, while discussing it, with sundry stories of

attacks upon his lonely house, which, according to his account, was a citadel which required all his valour to defend; and he concluded his gasconade by producing two brace of pistols, the best of which, after discharging them out of the window, and reloading them in my presence, he very carefully deposited conveniently for my use in the night; and, having thus provided for the security of my slumbers, left me to repose.

Early on the following morning, bidding adieu to my singular landlord, I set forward on my journey; in a very little time I was clear of the mountain defile, and emerging into a flat and uninteresting country, endeavoured, by the directions I had received and carefully noted down, to make my way to Genadendal. Whether my instructions were erroneous, or whether I misunderstood my director, I know not; but it was not until I had journeyed several hours longer than I had been taught to expect would be necessary, that on asking two young Hottentots, who were reclining on a hill side, where Genadendal was, I was informed by them that it was just over the ridge of the hill. A few steps brought me to the summit,

and in view of an exceedingly pretty village, which lay beneath me in a sheltered amphitheatre formed by the surrounding hills.

The clean and well-thatched cottages, situated in their well-kept little gardens, and the doors in many cases ornamented with vines, spoke of something beyond the mere necessities of life, and indicated the effect of Christian civilisation on the children of the African desert. Wending my way through the village, I easily found the house, or rather the quarters of the bishop; for the "Mission Family" inhabit a sort of barrack, and eat at a common table.

The Church of the Moravian, United, or Bohemian Brethren, occupies an interesting page in ecclesiastical history. Its spirit may be said to have been born amid the flames which, on the sixth day of July, 1415, consumed John Huss. His followers, incited by revenge, and exasperated by persecution, flew to arms, and for eighteen years carried on a war, in which the actions of both parties were alike disgraceful to themselves, to Christianity, and humanity.

The Hussites were divided among them-

selves into Calixtines,—so called from their regarding the non-administration of the eucharistic chalice to the laity as the main ground of difference with Rome,—and the Taborites, so called from a mountain on which they fixed their encampment, and to which they gave the name of Tabor. The Taborites, more extravagant in their views, demanded concessions involving the destruction of the Church of Rome, which it was therefore impossible for her to make. The Calixtines were reconciled to the Church in 1433, by the wisdom of the council of Basil granting their chief demand. Nothing could satisfy the Taborites, who, however, took this occasion for remodelling and regulating their ritual and creed, bringing them into the more rational form which is still preserved among them, though they are no longer known by the same name, that being exchanged about 1627 for the less mystical appellation of the “United Brethren.”

The distinguishing feature of this sect has, at least of late years, been a desire to spread a knowledge of Christianity, and their entire energies seem concentrated on this sole object. In spreading religion, they of course diffuse

their own form of it, though I must say they appear singularly free from acrimonious bigotry, the "odium theologicum."

Of the peculiar tenets of the Moravian Brethren I do not wish, nor am I qualified, to speak: the question of their orthodoxy, or otherwise, I leave to more learned heads: I desire only to speak or think of them as what they appeared to be, sincere professors, and zealous practisers of the greatest of the glorious triad "charity;" from charity alone can proceed their self-devoted conduct. Ambition, ease, pleasure, riches, those grand prime movers, seem to have no influence among them: an ardent desire to teach the truth appears the only motive of these disinterested men, and I cannot help observing that their plan of proceeding, their method of instructing and converting, strikes me as more rational, and a fitter adaptation of means to an end, than that pursued by the missionaries of our own country. Dr. Holbeck, the Bishop, upon the introductions which I brought him, received me most hospitably, and, during my short stay, most obligingly showed me whatever was to be seen worthy of notice, and communicated all the

information I desired on the various subjects connected with the establishment. Genadendal, as I before mentioned, is their chief station in Southern Africa, although they have seven others. The ground of the village belongs to the mission, and it is their custom to grant allotments to Hottentots on certain conditions, the principal of which is, that they shall submit themselves to the municipal regulations enacted for the government of the little community, and send their children to school. These regulations are framed by a council composed of thirty of their own number, whose province it is to make laws for the general good, and also to enforce them. One of their enactments my previous knowledge of the Hottentot character caused me to be much surprised at: "That no spirituous liquor be brought into the village, and that if any be found there, it be publicly destroyed, and the introducer for a second offence expelled the community." The Bishop assured me that drunkenness was unknown. "The Hottentots," he said, "are easily led, and easily misled." To this feature of their character may be attributed their proneness to adopt in ex-

cess all the imported vices of Europe; and on this the missionaries found their whole system of dealing with them, in order to their improvement: far easier with them than with the natives of India, is the work of conversion.

The Hottentot has no religion, nothing to unlearn; no prejudice to overcome; no considerations of a worldly nature interfere between his perception of the truth, and the avowal of his faith: to lead him to the truth is the sole task of his instructors, and their manner of doing so is certainly most judicious. The two conditions of admission are, I have said, submission to the laws, and the attendance of their children at the schools: the one a necessary measure of policy; the other, an arrangement to which people of no religion cannot possibly object, and yet a most powerful auxiliary to the end in view. Complying with these stipulations, the father might, if he pleased, remain in his ignorance; but this is found to be rarely, I believe I may say never, the case: he is to be led to seek instruction, and by an affecting and beautiful system the child is made the guide of the parent. Upwards of five hundred children, at the time I visited

Genadendal, were imbibing in its schools truths suited to their various ages and capacities: I say truths, because not merely the truths of religion, but those of science, are taught; and so taught, that the latter are made, as it were, handmaids to the former. By proving to the ignorant savage that you rightly understand the phenomena of nature, the things which he can see and test by his senses, you furnish him with strong grounds for yielding credence to you, when you speak to him of moral phenomena, of things not seen or to be seen, and these proofs are by this system sent to his home and to his heart by the most winning and endearing of all messengers, his children. I believe I am right in saying, that the almost invariable course of adult conversion, is the coming to the missionaries of one who has heard from this, or other sources, that they are in possession of the truth in all matters, and saying, "teach me;" a request which I hardly need say, is gladly complied with. The instruction thus afforded is gradual and solid: they are careful not to sow in that superficial and hasty manner which endangers the ultimate maturity of the crop. General knowledge;

as it led them to religion in the first instance, is still made to accompany it; nor are the apostolic counsels neglected, which point to the acquirement of the means of obtaining an honest livelihood by one's own labour, as to a part of religion itself. Large workshops are attached to the mission, in which all who choose to work are instructed in some handicraft trade, and are regularly paid for their productions: the articles thus made are sold at a small advance, and the amount added to the mission funds. Their manufactures are such as find a ready sale among the farmers, the coarser description of cutlery, agricultural tools, wag-gons, &c.

The hours appointed for the meals at the public table were the same as in the farm-houses, save that the supper was somewhat earlier; the fare of the simplest kind was served in the plainest ware, nor did the table possess any ornament save cleanliness. At the conclusion of the evening repast, the bell rang for church. The church is a neat building, capable of containing upwards of seven hundred: it is not however nearly large enough, and they are obliged to have two services going on at

the same time, using one of the school-rooms for the purpose. On the night I was there it was crowded—all Hottentots! and a self-taught genius of the same race presided at the organ. I was unable to follow the service, though I could see that the swarthy congregation were much impressed and very attentive. One of the ministers, occupying a chair at the communion table, gave out a hymn, in which all joined; he then delivered an extempore discourse, which appeared to be chiefly hortatory; after this came another hymn, then a prayer, again a hymn, then a chapter from the New Testament, the whole concluding with a hymn. All was conducted with much decency and order. While speaking of their mode of worship, I must not omit to mention a very excellent provision for the wants of their flock, in the shape of a "Children's Liturgy;" a service adapted in all respects to the minds and capacities of children, and, above all, not too long for them. Might not this be worthy of the attention of our church? I am fearful that habits of religious indifference, which no exertion in after-life can eradicate, are frequently generated in our children, by their long and

forced attendance on services of which many parts are unintelligible to them, many, from want of sufficient information, uninteresting, and, which, were they both comprehensible and entertaining in the highest degree, would, from their length alone, be improper for very young people. I was not present during service on a Sunday, as on the Sabbath following my arrival, the Bishop being engaged to preach at a farm-house, at about twelve miles distance, I arranged to accompany him, and set off accordingly, after a breakfast by candlelight, I following on horseback a cart which had been sent to convey the bishop to the place where he had promised to officiate. It lay in my road to Caledon; but even had it not, I should certainly have deviated from it to witness this worship in the wilderness. Our journey, owing to the badness, or rather I should say, to the absence of a road, occupied much time. I did not find it wearisome, as my reflections were sufficiently entertaining on the curious spectacle before me. How at variance with the usual notions of episcopal dignity was the humble equipage of the Bishop! yet it savoured somewhat of those early times, when the shep-

herds of the church used to wander cautiously from one portion of their flock to another, administering, at the peril of their lives, the forbidden consolations of their faith. Several little incidents, in the way of difficulty to our progress, served also to beguile the tedium of the journey. We were obliged, for instance, on coming to a frail and dangerous-looking bridge over a deep stream, to take the horses out of the cart, and leading them over first, return for our vehicle, which we dragged with no little difficulty and hazard, across the bridge, not daring to trust so delicate an operation to the steadiness and tractability of the horses, as a false step or a start would probably have precipitated the whole into the river. It would have amused a third party, to see the Bishop and myself toiling at our work: literally putting our shoulders to the wheel, we accomplished it without accident, and again, harnessing our steeds, jogged on to our destination. We found upwards of a dozen people of the better class, who had assembled from the neighbouring farms, awaiting our arrival. The upper end of a sort of granary or storehouse was arranged, and furnished with a table for the Bishop, and a few chairs for the

members of the family and their visitors; while along the length of the room were the rest of the congregation, less comfortably accommodated, but evidently not less deeply interested in the simple and fervid words which were addressed to them. Sacks of grain were pressed into the service as benches, and as they could not be very regularly arranged, the groups who made use of them formed so many several pictures, which an artist would have delighted to paint.

Immediately after the service, I took leave of the good Bishop, who started forthwith on his return home, while I proceeded to Caledon, the watering place of the Cape Colony. Alas, how different from the fashionable watering places of England! I was the only visiter at the time, though there is a large house and bathing establishment, the property I think of the Government, who rent it to speculators. Had I been much in love with gourmandise, I should have had an heavy miss of my dinner, for it was with the greatest difficulty I could procure two eggs and a small piece of bread, the age of which rendered force necessary to break it. While this scanty meal was preparing, I employed myself in inspecting, and bathing

in the curiosity of the place, a hot spring which flows out of the side of a mountain directly behind the house. Its temperature is about 108, and it is collected in a cistern for the supply of the baths, which are but small square stone-lined holes, most uncomfortably arranged. Extraordinary cures, however, are attributed to them, especially in scorbutic and rheumatic complaints. I remarked that the vegetation at the side of, and indeed in the hot water, was extremely luxuriant; and I was much surprised to find that, with the same fire, it took as long, if not longer, to raise this hot water to the boiling point as ordinary cold water. To none but an invalid, deriving sensible benefit from it, could the place be tolerable, and not even to him I should think, if sleep was an object. In general, my powers of somnolency defy all entomological interruptions; but here I was fairly beaten, and after several futile attempts to go to sleep and forget it, I was obliged to get up and dress, and being fortunate enough to find a stray number of the Quarterly, patiently awaited the morning, with the very first peep of which I set out on my return to Cape Town.

## CHAP. IV.

## CEYLON.

BEAUTY OF THE ISLAND. ARRIVAL. CANOES. RETROSPECT OF HISTORY. PRESENT DIVISION. FORT OF COLOMBO. CLIMATE. JOURNEY TO GALLE. HABITS OF THE PEOPLE. EXCURSION TO KANDY. CHARACTER OF THE ROAD. DESCRIPTION OF KANDY. BUDDHIST TEMPLE. ACCOUNT OF BUDDHISM. NUWERA ELLIA. SCENERY. CLIMATE.

GEM of the Indian wave! who that beholds thee can wonder at the tradition which asserts thee to have been the dwelling-place of our first parents? Surely some of thy flowery valleys must be such as were in Eden; such as the young world exhibited when it came fresh and lovely from the hand of its Almighty Creator; even so must it have smiled when He looked upon it, and saw that it was "very good."

Such were my thoughts, and, though alone, I frequently gave utterance to them as I journeyed between Colombo and Nuwera Ellia; but I am beginning, to use an Irishism, at the

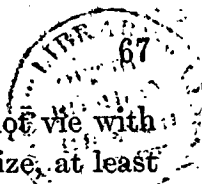
end, and must retrace my steps to my starting point, Colombo, where I arrived after a thirty-six days' voyage from the Cape of Good Hope, in the *Sesostris*, a splendid steam frigate, belonging to the East India Company, one of those mighty machines, the effects of which have yet to be proved in European naval war, and which will probably change the whole face of it. We steamed into the roadstead, going scarcely four knots an hour; and from having no sail set we appeared, as I can easily imagine, a thing of magic to the wondering natives, who were darting about in all directions in their singularly shaped canoes. One of them, as if to prove whether or not we were really progressing against the wind without any visible mover, steered his little bark directly across our bows, and narrowly escaped paying dearly for his rash experiment, for we with difficulty avoided running him down. While I am on the water I must mention the Cingalese canoe, peculiar, I believe, to the island. It is very long and narrow; frequently nothing but a single large tree, slightly hollowed, shaped similarly at both ends, and having a couple of boards fixed on

lengthways as a sort of gunwale: from its side protrude two curved arms, or booms, at the extremities of which is a log about one third of the size of the canoe itself, and much of the same shape, but not hollowed. This outrigger has the effect of steadying the frail vessel under all possible circumstances, and of making it one of the safest boats that can be placed upon the waters. They spread to the wind an immense sail of very thin cloth, which they keep constantly wetting to make it hold the breeze. If the wind blow from the side on which is the outrigger, it is evident that it must act as a counterpoise to the leverage of the mast, which, in high winds, would otherwise speedily upset the crank vessel. Suppose this force to be so great, which it frequently is, as to lift the outrigger out of the water, one of the crew immediately goes out upon it, running along the boom; if his weight be insufficient to produce the desired effect, another follows, and another, and so on till they attain the requisite equipoise; if, again, the wind come on the side opposite the outrigger, its use is equally evident; it must force the large block completely under water before it could upset

the canoe. Thus armed against all contingencies, they fearlessly encounter the roughest weather, of which they often get good specimens off the coast of Ceylon, and an accident very rarely happens. A similar principle is also applied to some of their larger vessels of many tons burthen. But it is high time to go on shore, and, being there, it may be well, before noticing present appearances, to take a slight look back to the history of the land in which we have arrived. The island of Ceylon, known to the ancients under the name of Taprobana, extending from latitude  $5^{\circ} 40'$  to  $10^{\circ} 30'$  north, and from  $79^{\circ}$  to  $82^{\circ}$  east longitude, is now a dependency of the British crown, and its affairs are administered by a governor and council, composed partly of official, and partly of unofficial members, selected from the most considerable people of the place. The mists of antiquity hang over its early history: the first Europeans who possessed settlements in it, were the Portuguese, about 1505; from them it was taken by the Dutch in 1656, and from them by the English, in 1795. It is divided into five provinces, known as the northern, southern, eastern, western, and cen-

tral, which have for their capitals Jaffna, Galle, Trincomalee, Colombo, and Kandy respectively. The mixed population is the natural result of the change of masters which the soil has undergone, and is compounded of English, Dutch, Portuguese, Cingalese, Malays, and Malabars, in states more or less pure.

Colombo impresses the traveller most favourably on landing. One face of the fort is separated from the sea only by a ditch, and a road or causeway, which forms an agreeable drive or promenade for the inhabitants, and is, in fact, the commencement of the Galle road, running from thence seventy-two miles down to "Point de Galle," the extremity of the island, of which more hereafter. Immediately on getting beyond the fort, you have upon the left a beautiful fresh water lake, the surface of which is picturesquely broken by several islands, on which are built the houses of some of the principal inhabitants. On the right is still the sea, separated from the road only by a small grass plat, which, strange to say, is green to the water's edge. In the fort itself few reside, save those whom duty compels to do so. In the suburbs around are many com-



modious houses, which, if they do not vie with those of Calcutta and Madras in size, at least fully equal them in the elegance and beauty of their furniture; Ceylon being noted for its carved and ornamental work executed in ebony and other rich and handsome woods, of which the island produces a great variety, and some of which are, I believe, peculiar to it. The climate of Colombo, though there is scarcely sufficient apparent reason for so great a variety, differs very considerably from that of the opposite coast of Coromandel, and the Indian visiter is astonished to find no punkahs in use, and to experience no weather, at least in the evening, such as to render the wearing of a coat, and the comfortable discussion of a dinner, incompatible actions.

Anxious to avail myself to the utmost of the short time I was enabled to remain on this interesting island, I started, a few days after my arrival, by the "mail," for Point de Galle. The mail, a sort of double-bodied phaeton drawn by two horses, though what would be pronounced by the brethren of the road in England a "very slow coach," is, in the very fact of its existence, highly creditable to Ceylon.

To our shame be it said, Madras cannot boast of one, nor indeed of any road on which any ordinarily light carriage could in all weathers be dragged by horses for seventy-two miles consecutively, at the rate of eight miles an hour. The Galle road is kept in excellent repair, and a more interesting drive can hardly be imagined; it has, in fact, a succession of villages throughout its whole length, or rather one continuous village, for their proximity produces that effect. On the right is the sea, occasionally hidden by the rich vegetation which covers the intervening space, or lost to view as some slight winding of the road, for the convenience of its construction, leads further from the shore. From amid this leafy screen peep out the picturesque and comfortable-looking huts and houses of the natives, each in its little garden or enclosure. Every inch of the ground appears to be highly prized; indeed, so jealous are they of their rights in this respect, that they constantly protrude their boundaries beyond the due limits; and it is no small part of the duty of the officer intrusted with the care of the road, to keep an eye on, and remove their encroachments. On

the left it is much the same, except that, instead of the ocean, through the openings in the foliage are afforded occasional glimpses of the interior of the country; and the beauty of these vistas is often heightened by the introduction of sheets of water, of which there appear to be a great number, parallel with the road, and so close together, that one would imagine a very little cutting would open a water communication from Colombo to Galle. If my admiration was bestowed on the beautiful and novel nature of the scenery, my wonder was not less excited by the apparently total idleness of the people. Though passing through a populous village, no one seemed to be employed: to sit under their own "vine and fig-tree" was, I should say, the *summum bonum* of the Cingalese; and, indeed, in the little intercourse I had with them, I found by experience that they will work only when driven to it by necessity, and even then, no more or no longer than is sufficient to remove it. Finding that the wages of three days will supply their simple wants for six, they prefer making holyday for the other three to employing them in the acquisition of what they can do without, or labour-

ing to satisfy any fancied need. To form this disposition, the nature of the country much contributes: clothing and fuel, beyond the very little of the latter which they use for culinary purposes, are of course not much required in their mild climate; and the little garden around his cottage supplies the Cingalese, almost spontaneously, with what to him are at once the necessities and luxuries of life. From the cocoa-nut tree alone, which overshadows his dwelling, and which indeed may almost be said to form part of it, what a variety of conveniences and advantages does he derive! Its leaves furnish thatch for his hut; its trunk, the props and beams necessary for its construction; the husk, in which its fruit is enclosed, supplies the "coir" of which the ropes so named are manufactured; the fruit itself, when unripe, yields him a refreshing and wholesome beverage; and, when more matured, its kernel forms a favourite food, or from it he extracts the beautiful oil so useful to himself, and so valuable as an article of sale, if he have more than necessary for his own consumption; the very shell is turned to account, and made to answer the purpose of our spoons, ladles, and

drinking-cups. The bread-fruit, also, hangs its heavy load at his very door: the plaintain, another great source of his support, is there in abundance; while the coffee-plant, indigenous to the soil, offers its spontaneous harvest to his plucking. I have seen spots prettier, perhaps, than any one particular part of the Galle road; but seventy-two miles, all so above the usual aspect of domestic rural scenery, I certainly never travelled over. Galle itself is a neat little town, quite in character with the road which leads to it, possessing, however, no conspicuous or particular object of interest, except, indeed, its small land-locked basin-kind of harbour, which is exceedingly picturesque. After passing a few days there, most hospitably entertained by the residents, I returned to Colombo, traversing again, though with unabated interest and pleasure, the beautiful road I have attempted to describe.

My next excursion was to Kandy, which also is distant exactly seventy-two miles from Colombo inland. It is now the capital of what is termed the Kandian or Central Province, which so lately as 1825 constituted the independent kingdom of Kandy; our government,

like its European predecessors, possessing the maritime provinces only. The beauty of this road, though of an entirely different character from that to Galle, is also very great; it wants the numerous habitations and figures which give animation to that, but the scenery is bolder and less domestic; for the last forty miles especially, it is extremely picturesque. Kandy is elevated upwards of 2000 feet above Colombo, or the sea level: this height is gained in some places rather abruptly, and finally by a regular pass, executed with great skill, by an officer of the Royal Engineers, to whose memory a monument is erected at the top. The whole road is kept in good repair, and I found the Kandy mail superior to that to Galle. We crossed several excellently constructed and handsome bridges, one of which, that over the Mahavelly Gunga, at Paradenia, four miles from the town of Kandy, might claim notice in any country, consisting of a single arch of satin-wood, of 205 feet span, so ingeniously constructed, that any portion can be taken out and replaced, without disturbing the rest of the fabric. It was erected during the government of Sir Edward Barnes, I forget exactly

at what cost, but I think about 80,000 pounds. The site of the town of Kandy is at the head of an extensive valley, on the margin of a large artificial lake, surrounded by wooded hills, some of them upwards of 2000 feet high, and forms a sort of mid station between the plains below, and the still more lofty parts of the island to which I afterwards proceeded. In the native town of Kandy there appears nothing deserving of particular notice; the proximity of the lake is a great advantage to it, adding much to the cleanliness and comfort of its inhabitants, as it also does to the beauty of the public rooms, library, and some of the best houses, which are situated close upon it. On the whole, Kandy is a pretty place, and from its generally being the head-quarters of two or more regiments, a lively one.

While at Kandy, I visited the celebrated Buddhist temple at that place. It has no pretensions to beauty; indeed, its external appearance is singularly and disappointingly mean. The holy place, or actual temple, is a miserable barn-like looking edifice, surrounded by an exterior wall and ditch, which contain within their enclosure a few other inconsiderable

buildings, and rooms for the convenience of the priests. After a little previous ceremony and delay, I was ushered into a small room, at one end of which was a table covered with a cloth, and on it a large golden bell-shaped vessel, termed the "Dagoba." On its outside were suspended many jewels, some seemingly of value; underneath the large bell are five others, gradually diminishing in size; and under the last is the invaluable relic which the whole is intended to guard and to honour, and to which the place is indebted for its sanctity, namely, the "Tooth of Buddhoo," of whom there is an image in a niche immediately behind the "Dagoba."

"The Tooth," there is every reason to believe, was first brought to Ceylon about A. D. 311; its prior history involving a space of above 800 years—for Buddhoo is said to have died about 543 years before the Christian era—is detailed in their sacred records with all the accuracy sufficient to satisfy the curiosity, or excite the credulity of its worshippers. Since its arrival in Ceylon, it has been looked upon as its most invaluable treasure; and the Buddhists so firmly believe that whoever is in

possession of it will be ruler of Ceylon, that the British government, since they acquired it in 1825, have been most careful of its preservation, and only twice have they allowed the five coverings to be removed, and the precious relic to be exposed to the eyes of its adorers. The keys are always in the custody of the principal government functionary in the province, and a military guard is posted at the temple. To give any idea of the creed of the Buddhist in a brief and succinct manner, is exceedingly difficult. In most ancient forms of religion, and in those of the East especially, we trace no desire to explain or promulge the chief and more important doctrines; on the contrary, so great an aversion appears to have always existed, and still to exist, to the declaration of the true creed, that its most enthusiastic votaries not unfrequently invent monstrous absurdities to satisfy or blunt the curiosity of the vulgar and the ignorant, while they willingly submit to the ridicule of the better informed, for the sake of averting from the real sanctuary the eyes of the profane. This feeling has, I am much disposed to think, operated more or less in opposition to the development

of Buddhistical theology. Of late years, however, the indefatigable zeal and enlightened research of some of the most learned among our oriental scholars, have gone far to tear away many of these artificially mysterious veils; in regard to none, perhaps, have they been more successful than to Buddhism, in proof of which need only be instanced the translation of the "Mahawanso," a sacred record of the Buddhists, by Mr. Turnour, of the Ceylon civil service, together with his valuable and explanatory observations thereon.

At the risk of being at once tedious and unsuccessful, I shall endeavour to exhibit, in a plain and comprehensible shape, the much talked of, but little understood, religion of Buddhoo. The chronology of Buddhism professes to take its rise in a period manifestly absurd, and, indeed, practically useless, even according to their own doctrines. On twenty-four several occasions, since Time began to be reckoned in Eternity, has Buddhoo, "the Deified, the Sanctified, the Omniscient, the Supreme," condescended to veil himself in flesh, in order "to vanquish, and to teach mankind to vanquish, the five deadly sins, and to redeem

the world from the miseries and pénalties of sin." Between each of these advents two periods are supposed to intervene, both of immense length. Firstly, a period during which the religion taught by that Buddhoo flourishes, decays, and becomes finally extinct. Secondly, a period which intervenes between the total extinction of the religion of one Buddhoo, and the manifestation of another, to revive, by a new revelation, the Buddhistical faith. As it is admitted that, in this latter interval, religion and all past transactions whatever are sunk in total oblivion, and that the newly revealed religion commences entirely anew, it is evident that, for all practical purposes, the whole of this monstrous fiction might be dispensed with, and that the believers in the system need only concern themselves to become acquainted with, and follow the doctrines of, the last Buddhoo. This greatly simplifies a matter which would otherwise appear inextricably complicated and confused, and places us on grounds of at least comparative chronological certainty and reality. According to the present doctrine, the age in which we are now living is the first period after the death of Gotamoo Buddhoo, who was

born B. C. 588, and died B. C. 543. This period he himself foretold should last for 5000 years, consequently we are now in its 2385th year. This fact is, therefore, the groundwork of the Buddhistical faith; on its truth and reception depends the obligation of believing his supposed revelations, and following his precepts. These precepts are, many of them, of a highly moral nature, such as some suppose to be innate in the human mind, while others imagine that, by the aid of what is termed philosophy, it has been able or permitted to elaborate them; while, perhaps, we should be more correct in concluding them to be portions, more or less pure, of some express original revelation of the divine will. Be this as it may, the practical part of the Buddhistical religion would appear to be what we should call a philosophical system, which places its *summum bonum* in abstraction from worldly things, and through contemplation of the divine nature becoming, to use the language of our own Scripture, a partaker of it.

One interesting point remains to be noticed: Who is Buddhoo? what is his nature? how united with the human? It would appear that

a man duly qualified attains to Buddhohood; for Gotamoo Buddhoo was the Prince Siddhatoo, who having, in several previous stages of transmigratory existence, become properly prepared for the habitation of the Supreme Buddhoo, became Him, his former self being entirely lost in the new nature. It would not be orthodox to suppose the man Siddhatoo deified: it is difficult to express the precise idea; but his manhood was completely taken into, and absorbed by, the previously existing Godhead; so that Siddhatoo could not be said any longer to exist—and yet the manhood or human nature was not destroyed, at least till the death of Gotamoo Buddhoo, who subsisted in two natures, one of which was purely divine—and yet not the whole of the divine nature, but an emanation of it; a part of it, so to speak, deputed for a special purpose—while at the same time it is clear, from the titles bestowed upon him, that Buddhoo is held to be Real God. He is termed in the Mahawanso, “Omniscient—Supreme—Divine Sojourner—The Saviour—The Deity of happy Advent—The Redeemer—The Divine Teacher—The Vanquisher of the Five Deadly Sins—The Benefactor of the

whole World—The Supreme Buddhoo—The Dispeller of the Darkness of Sin—The Lord of the Universe—The Knower of the Past, the Present, and the Future—The all-bountiful Luminary—The Supreme—Incomparable”—one in short in whom, as we should express it, “dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily.”

After this, and taking into consideration the avowed end of the mysterious incarnation, “to free the world from the penalties and miseries attached to sin,” I should suppose it scarcely necessary to draw the attention of the Christian to this curious corruption of the great truth on which he believes his salvation to depend. In a reflecting mind it will doubtless beget, firstly, gratitude for the clearer light which has shined upon it; and, secondly, a desire to manifest that gratitude, in the way which must be most pleasing to the Enlightener, by endeavouring to diffuse its radiance amid all who still sit in darkness.

From Kandy I started for Nuwera Ellia. The forty-nine miles of the road between these two spots are, perhaps, not surpassed—in the world for every description of picturesque beauty; such indeed is the opinion of very com-

petent judges. In the course of them, an additional altitude of nearly four thousand feet has to be attained, and is gained, except in the last few miles, by a constant and gentle ascent, winding along a road scarped out of the face of the mountains; nothing can exceed the beauty of the vallies which are spread out beneath. The description of scenery is so hackneyed a theme, and, from the poverty of language, it is so difficult to make one mountain and valley differ from another to the mind of the reader, that the writer can hope to do so, only by fixing on some peculiar effect or character in the general features of the picture, the presence of some unusual, or the absence of some usual accompaniment to the kind of scenery he is endeavouring to describe. Following this plan in the present instance, I would say, that the distinguishing charm of these lovely valleys is, that they are at once wild, and not wild; and in attempting to explain this paradox, I may chance to place the landscape in the light in which I viewed it, and succeed in imparting to others the notions with which it impressed myself. Any one journeying through this Eden of the wilderness perceives and feels that he is amid scenes

indebted for their beauty to no human skill or contrivance, that he is on ground not often trodden by human foot, and yet he experiences not that sensation of loneliness, of mingled pleasure and awe, which such a situation generally excites. Though he knows he is in the wilderness, yet he sees it so admirably adapted to man's abode, that he would scarcely feel surprised if a turn of the road brought him suddenly in view of a village, embosomed in the trees, and the spire of its church peeping above them; though he is convinced that Nature has been the only contriver, yet some of her arrangements are here so similar to what we are accustomed to attempt by artificial means, that if he were told "that cascade was *made* to leap from step to step down the face of that rock, there hiding itself in that tuft of trees, there again showing itself from among them, like silver in the sunbeam; and that grove, the various foliage of which is in such beautiful contrast, was planted and arranged by the consummate taste of some great genius, with mighty means and resources at his command," he would scarcely feel himself able positively to deny that such might be the case. For my own

part, I must confess I literally built castles in the air, and amused myself by fixing them in their appropriate localities. From that bold scarped rock, how some baronial castle might command and overawe the vale beneath ! What a site for a ducal mansion, in the midst of that splendid park ready for its reception ! What a nook for the very genius of romance to build a cottage in !

There are three stages, with what are termed "Rest Houses," between Kandy and Nuwera Ellia ; Gampala, Puselava, and Rambodie, at all of which the traveller can obtain very comfortable accommodation and refreshment. Shortly after leaving Rambodie commences a mountain pass, in which the road, winding in a zigzag manner up the face of the rock, occasionally brings you into positions of much grandeur and sublimity, but affords not, from the general denseness of the forest, sufficiently extensive views to put it in competition with the country already travelled through. On emerging, however, into the plain of Nuwera Ellia, its beauties strike the beholder with heightened effect. Instead of the usual termination to a mountain ascent, a small and rugged pinnacle,

or perhaps table of rock, from which a wide prospect is gained over the surrounding country; there is here nothing to lead to the idea, that the verdant plain up to which we have ascended is above the level of the sea: around it rise mountains to the height of 2000 feet, from which streamlets descending combine to form a river, which, meandering along the length of the plain, may be supposed, poetically, to be astonished at finding itself called on to travel one hundred and forty miles, and to descend by successive leaps nearly 6000 feet before it can pay its tribute to the ocean. The principal features of the scene are indeed strikingly coincident with those which the imagination of Johnson has created for the happy valley of Rasselas. Had he ever beheld it, I should feel convinced that he had selected it as a fit subject for exuberant and gorgeous fancy to embellish. Here, within seven degrees of the equator, the pilgrim from old England finds himself in his native and congenial climate; the thermometer varies in the year between  $30^{\circ}$  and  $75^{\circ}$ , giving an average under  $60^{\circ}$ . It was on the third of July that I arrived there, and well did I know what a scorching my friends in the

Carnatic were then enduring, within a short distance of me. The ideal contrast gave zest to the actual pleasure, and I crowned my felicity by lighting a fire, opening a bottle of port wine, and finally jumping into bed under a couple of blankets; three things, the power of doing which we, involuntary "children of the sun," regard as tests of supreme enjoyment. All these appliances to happiness I should mention I found at the Rest House, a neat little thatched house belonging to the government, but rented to an individual, under condition of furnishing accommodation and supplies to travellers at certain fixed and moderate charges. Had Sir Edward Barnes, who was much attached to the spot, and had constructed a large, and, for the situation, splendid house there, remained longer as governor in Ceylon, Nuwera Ellia would, in all probability, have by this time possessed, what it so much wants, a bazar or market regularly supplied through the channel of shopkeepers, &c. At present, it is sadly deficient in these advantages. Some of the principal functionaries in the island have small houses there, to which they occasionally retire, and where, for the sake of the renovating

climate, they are content to bear with very great inconvenience in this respect, and are at the trouble and expense of procuring all their supplies from below. With the exception of a small military detachment, the establishment attached to the Sanitarium, which the government keep up for the benefit of the troops, and the civil magistrate of the district, there are no residents in the place.

It was with much regret that I bade adieu to Nuwera Ellia, and retraced my steps to Colombo, reluctantly passing each beautiful spot, and

“ Looking to hill, and wood, and plain,  
As what I ne’er might see again.”

BOMBAY.



## CHAP. V.

BOMBAY.

ARRIVAL. HARBOUR. APPEARANCE OF THE TOWN. LAND-  
ING. INHABITANTS. PARSEES. ACCOUNT OF THEIR FAITH.  
SPECULATIONS THEREON. PUBLIC BUILDINGS. SUBURBS.  
BENDER BAZAR. GENERAL FEATURES.

SELDOM have I witnessed a more striking spectacle than presented itself to my view as the little Arab ketch, in which I had been twelve days out from Colombo, entered the harbour of Bombay, and threaded her way through the crowd of vessels which filled it, apparently equalling, in number and proximity, those in the commercial havens of our own country; while their shapes, size, and construction, various as the races of men which occupied their decks, gave a lively and novel interest to the scene, perhaps not to be found in any other harbour. It was singular to see in juxtaposition man's first rude attempt, and his last masterpiece in naval architecture; a naked Indian, guiding his hollow tree along-

side a magnificent steam frigate, or the clumsy and unwieldy Patamar, or Dhoney, discharging its petty cargo of cocoa-nuts, oil, or rice, near, and in contrast with, one of England's unrivalled merchant ships, which, having brought to this busy market the produce of European skill and ingenuity, was receiving in return the commodities of Asia.

Land, however, is an overpowering attraction to a sea voyager, and my attention was soon fixed on the town of Bombay, which lay before me. Most places look well from the sea, not so Bombay. This arises from the dirty clay colour of the houses, and various buildings; a little whitewash would remove the effect, but comfort is perhaps better studied by the less glaring colour. The boats in which passengers are conveyed to and from the shipping, are similar in appearance and construction to the Budgerow of the Ganges; that is to say, large barges, in which a small cabin is erected, the panels of which are usually fitted with Venetian blinds; they are termed Bunder boats, from their waiting for hire at the Bunders, or stone piers, several of which protrude into the harbour; giving, of

course, very great facility to commerce, and affording most commodious landing places. The traveller, on landing, is at once involved in all the commercial bustle which the appearance of the harbour has led him to expect, and the idle spectator finds himself situated much like a drone in a bee-hive, and meets indeed with treatment similarly unceremonious. Stepping out of the way of a man carrying a bale of cotton, the produce perhaps of some distant part of India, he runs against the bearer of a tub of sugarcandy from the celestial Empire, or a bar of iron from old England. Little courtesy is displayed, or expected; and it was really not without some difficulty that I made my way through the motley and busy crowd in which Europe, Asia, Africa, and America have their representatives, and in which Christians, Jews, Mussulmen, Hindoos, Parsees, and Caffres, are blended in most picturesque confusion: committing myself, at length, to one of the numerous palanquins which ply for hire in the vicinity of the Bunders, I soon found myself under a hospitable roof, and at leisure to look about me in the island of Bombay.

The Island of Bombay is about ten miles in extreme length, and has an average breadth of about two: it is connected with the Island of Salsette, by a causeway a mile long, and derives from it a supply of hay. The fort, of the military strength of which I am, of course, no judge, but which appeared to possess the full complement of ditches, narrow passages, and sharp turnings, is filled with the public buildings, the merchants' offices, and numerous streets of native houses and shops; displaying, especially those of the Parsees, with their projecting latticed galleries, or balconies, many curious varieties of construction. The principal shops are kept by the Parsees, and their emporiums contain every sort of European merchandise in request, or useful in the East, mingled with and set off by the richest and gayest products of India and China.

Viewed merely in their modern and present condition, as a race of men far in advance, in many respects, of the Hindoos, and Mussulmen, among whom they live without mingling, the Parsees afford an interesting and singular subject of observation and anticipation; while to one fond of retrospections, who, on dis-

covering a river, would feel more curious to trace it to its source, than, to follow its widening stream till it finished its course in the ocean; they furnish ample room for the exercise of his favourite speculations. What a train of historical recollections does that devotee call forth, as he bends before the glorious orb of day that yonder comes rejoicing in the East, presenting to his mind an apt and fitting symbol of the mighty Ormusd. Nearly thirty centuries have elapsed since Zoroaster, I will not say invented, but regulated, sanctioned, and confirmed, by a pretended divine revelation, the faith he now holds—the ritual he is now practising.

Other religions have been born and died, while his has remained unchanged. Simple in its creed, it affords little scope for heretical division. Two mighty principles, Ormusd and Ahriman, the powers of good and evil, are in constant antagonistic action: virtue is the delight of the one, vice the sole pleasure of the other. Both as regards temporal and eternal welfare, it is better to serve Ormusd than Ahriman, for Ormusd shall finally triumph completely over his adversary; and the

god of light, receiving his faithful followers into participation of his own beatitude, shall banish for ever the prince of darkness, and his servants. Now this is true in the main, in so much as the Author of all Good does, for wise reasons, permit "the enemy of all righteousness" to act for a time. The error of the Magian consists in the exaltation of Ahriman, or Satan, into at least a temporary rival of Ormusd: so that he may be supposed to say,

" Evil, be thou my good ; by thee at least  
Divided empire with Heaven's King I hold."

The Zendavesta contains instructions for pleasing Ormusd, and avoiding the machinations of Ahriman. Such was the simple faith of Persia, till superseded by the religion of Mahomet. Many, from motives either of temporal convenience or real conviction, embraced the doctrine of their conquerors ; no small number, however, firm in their ancient belief, preferred banishment to apostacy, and sought under the more tolerant princes of India the protection their native country would no longer afford them. There they have preserved their faith, customs, and purity of

lineage, in a manner to which the history of the Jews alone supplies a parallel. Their creed, as detailed above, unlike any other form of religion with which we are acquainted, seems to present no trace of an originally happy state—of a fall therefrom—of a scheme for a restoration thereto. This singular deficiency almost makes one suspect that we are not wholly informed on the subject: either that such doctrines do exist among them, or that ages ago they did, and have been forgotten. From the mixture of truth subsisting in their present scanty creed, we are, I think, warranted in supposing them to be in possession of a portion of “True Revelation,” derived from the same common source as was originally opened to the rest of mankind. They have, perhaps, less now than any other sect; but I would suggest it is only because they have lost more, and added less of themselves. A closer examination may, perhaps, exhibit some faint traces in corroboration of this idea. Ormusd, the angel of light, if he be not God, is at least all that man can know of God, either here or hereafter; and yet, amid thick clouds and darkness, dwells a Being, named “Eternity.”

This Being acts only by Ormusd; and, in fact, appears, to all practical intents and purposes, equal to, and, so to speak, identical, with him. The actions of Ormusd are wonderfully similar to those expected from, and accomplished by, the true Messiah. The object of his exertions is the "conquest of the evil one." We find mankind described as the chief, if not the only gainers by this conquest; and though we do not discover Ormusd submitting to death as a means of eventual success, his struggle appears a protracted, painful, and in some sense a dubious one. Is not the light breaking upon us? Here we have labour and pain endured by a superior nature to benefit an inferior; a Being doing for man what he could not do for himself. Observe what is the type of Ormusd—"Light." What was the type of Christ? Light. May not the ancient Magi have been somewhat in the same position as the Jews, looking for the light that should come into the world, a manifestation of Him by whom all things were made? Did they not expect his appearance in Judæa? Did not the Almighty condescend to instruct and warn them of his advent in a manner peculiarly

consonant to their ideas, "the leading of a star?" May not many of them have recognised him at the time; and may it not be that the rest, under judicial blindness, like the Jews, are still expecting Him that has already come? May not, in short, the Magians before Christ have been holders of much truth, which they have since lost? Is there not some cause for the Christian to hope that, on some glorious morning, the Parsee, correcting and amplifying his present notions, may cease to bow before the type, and kneel to the real Sun of Righteousness, as he rises with healing on his wings? Such were my meditations on seeing, for the first time, the Parsees collected as a numerous and public body. To many they will appear visionary; to none, I hope, uncharitable: while some, following the same train of thought, may find in it an additional confirmation of the primeval antiquity of our holy religion.

The public buildings most worthy of notice in Bombay are the Mint, Town Hall, Cathedral, and Docks. The Mint is said to be in all respects exactly equal to that of London, and is, of course, a most interesting and wonderful sight. The Town Hall is really a

magnificent building, appropriated not merely to the ordinary purposes of public meetings, assemblies, &c., but having attached to it other commodious rooms, used as public offices, an extensive library, and a valuable museum.

The staircase is remarkable for its elegance, and the public rooms contain two of Chantrey's masterpieces, statues of Sir John Malcolm, and Mr. Elphinston. The cathedral, lately promoted to that dignity, is a very cathedral-looking church. It contains numerous monuments, and calls to mind many names famous in Indian story. One monument attracts pre-eminent notice as a work of art, being a statue by Chantrey of a Mr. Babington, of the Bombay Civil Service. He is seated, studying a code of regulations, from his labours upon which he derived his local celebrity. The Docks, even when I visited them in 1840, were well deserving of inspection: ere this, many of the great improvements and additions then in progress must be completed, and the sight rendered still more worthy of attention. Among the works in progress was a large foundery, intended to render the steam department of

the Indian navy independent of all mechanical assistance from England.

The houses of the European residents, government functionaries, &c., situated in the suburbs and country adjoining the fort, are certainly inferior in appearance to those of Madras, nor do the markets appear to be so well supplied as those of the sister presidency. Many people live during the hot weather on the esplanade of the fort, in temporary houses, constructed of bamboos, mats, thatch, and such light materials, which are removed on the setting in of the rains. Outside the fort are several large suburban villages, or rather towns, as Mazagong, Bycullah, and Bender. An Englishman newly arriving, with no notion of a bazar save what he may have contracted in Soho Square or Oxford Street, must be astonished to find the Bender bazar to be a street of three miles in length, composed of lofty and commodious houses, and presenting a range of shops which, though they cannot, it is true, vie with those of London in splendour, are evidently the depositories of much substantial wealth, and impress the traveller with a most favourable idea of the comforts of the popula-

tion whose necessities they are intended to supply.

It is perhaps not saying much of this singular street, to call it superior to any in India; it would not discredit any country in Europe. The houses are of many stories, the street wide, and affording a broad foot pavement on either side of the carriage way; several defects and obstructions have lately been remedied and removed, and some excellent municipal regulations framed for its progressive improvement. Improvement, indeed, seems to be the order of the day in Bombay; and even though the Supreme Government should not, as many predict it will, honour it with long and frequent residence, there can, I think, be little doubt but that its own intrinsic importance will make it in a very few years no contemptible rival to the City of Palaces. The suburb of Bycullah contains a church, remarkable as the work of a native architect, which reflects great credit upon him; and near it are two large establishments for the education, and maintenance of male and female orphans, and otherwise destitute children. At Bycullah is also the race-course, so famous in the Indian sporting world as

giving rise to the Bycullah standard; and not far from it is a club-house, the arrangement of which appears good and convenient, and must be a great accommodation to its members, temporarily visiting the presidency, as well as a source of amusement to the residents. Bombay, though not presenting very numerous objects of interest, on the whole well repays the traveller for the time occupied in visiting it; the mixture of tribes, customs, and habits which are there assembled, serve to give an idea and afford a specimen of everything to be seen in other parts of India; and he who has resided there even for a short time, cannot fail to have acquired a tolerably correct general notion of the way of life in the gorgeous and motley East.

Alas, with what feelings of joyous anticipation had I for years looked forward to visiting Bombay! and how were they saddened! I had thought to have been hailed on my arrival, and accompanied at my departure, by one from whom I had parted in boyhood, but between whom and myself time and distance had not weakened the fraternal tie. One of the earliest victims to that fatal policy which

consigned our bravest to the sword and the pestilence, he sleeps in a far distant land. Sacred be thy lonely grave, and peace be with thy spirit, my brother!

## CHAP. VI.

## ISLAND AND CAVE OF ELEPHANTA.

DESCRIPTION, AND SOME CONJECTURES AS TO THE MEANING,  
OF THE SCULPTURES.

THIS little island, situated in the harbour of Bombay, takes its name from a colossal stone elephant, which, though now much mutilated, and sunk by its own great weight, still stands conspicuous on its shore. It owes its celebrity to one of those extraordinary subterraneous excavations in which human industry, excited to unusual energy by religious zeal, has laboured to grave, in characters lasting as the globe itself, doctrines and mysteries, of the truth and importance of which the workmen themselves must have been firmly convinced, and the transmission of which to their posterity they must have esteemed an object commensurate with the difficulty and magnitude of their arduous undertaking;—on no other supposition can the existence of the Cave of Elephanta be adequately accounted for. That it is, or rather was, a temple dedicated to the

rites of some religion, all, I believe, agree; nor, indeed, should I imagine that any one who has entered it can for a moment doubt the fact; while, what that religion was? in what age and by whom believed and practised? are questions which have exercised the learned labour of many an antiquary, and given birth to numerous ingenious conjectures and conclusions. By these I had not profited; and I entered the Cave of Elephanta without the slightest clue to the solution of the sculptured enigmas I was to behold within, unless, indeed, I ought to regard as such, an idea which I have long entertained, and in which all I know of the religions of the East confirms me, that in the doctrines of primeval revelation we have a master key which, insinuating itself into all their intricate wards, will open the many locks under which that clear and simple, though supernatural knowledge, has, in some cases unintentionally, and in others by design, been shut up, in former ages, from the great mass of mankind. In saying also that I had no clue to their interpretation, I must not be understood to mean that, although I had never read a line or heard an argument on the subject, I

had not a general notion that the figures in the cave had been more or less accurately identified by the learned, with some of the various gods now figuring in the mythology of India. Such, I readily admit, may and has been done; indeed I should have been much surprised, had I not found a figure which I could say was Brama, or Vishnoo, or Siva, or Krishna, or any of the symbolical representations which in Hindoo mythology bear those names, and have certain legends attached to them; while, on the other hand, I confess I never behold these images without feeling strengthened in my belief that certain doctrines essential to man's restoration were communicated to him immediately after his fall; that at a very early period he sought in some way to preserve and perpetuate memorials of them; and that the first method he devised for doing so was a delineation of the act or idea which he desired to record. Where there was an action, past or future, to be depicted, this was easy, and the mode of doing it obvious; where an abstract idea or fact was to be conveyed, symbols had of course to be sought for. Thus the conquest of one being by another was easily

told, by representing the vanquisher as trampling on, or slaying his foe; but if it were wished to convey by the same figure, that the conqueror should himself be of human nature, pass through the different stages of life, from infancy to mature age, and finally undergo death, symbols must be employed; and might not an infant and a skull, placed upon his brow, very well denote, or at least serve to call to mind, such an idea? Might not such a representation have served, in the first ages of the world, to record a great truth? Do we not know that that truth was speedily corrupted, perverted, and in many cases totally lost; and may we not fairly conclude, that false interpretations, keeping pace with these changes, would be put on the sculptured records of the truth, and that in new sculptures or images additions would be made, to make them correspond with the corrupt additions to, or perversions of, the original truth? By such a course, it is easy to imagine an entirely new system being at length elaborated: the sculptured truth would still be retained, though no longer intelligible, in order to avoid the self-condemnation of rejecting an antiquity in con-

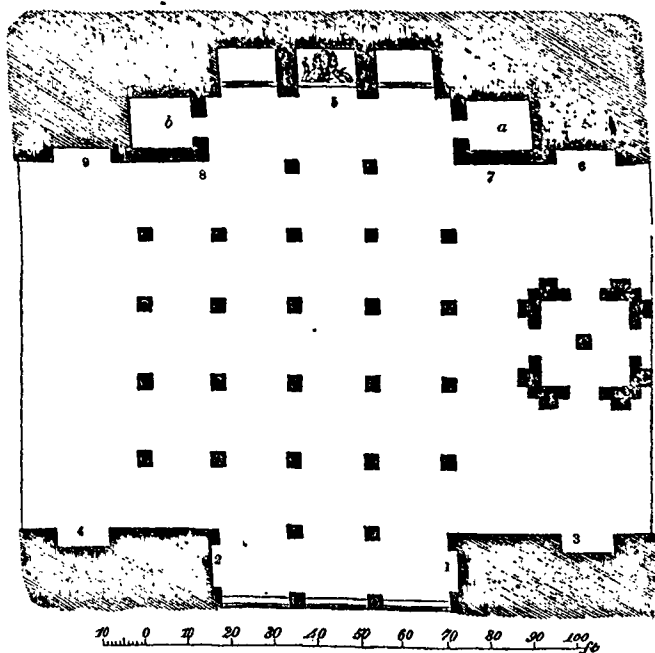
fessed ignorance of its meaning—a humiliation which the invention of the priests was of course too fertile to render necessary on their part. Thus, if I point to such a figure as I have instanced above, a Bramin may tell me, “That is Siva, the Destroyer, as marked by the skull; the Reproducer, as pointed out by the infant.” I would answer him,—“Such figures existed before your system was invented, and have been found in places where it was never known; the image is not a representation of your deity, but your deity is an ideal being created to suit the image. I affirm that such symbols, in whatever way you may now choose to employ them, had originally a meaning of which you are now ignorant.” Impressed with such ideas, when I behold the mythological sculptures or images of any nation whatever, I expect to discover the pristine symbols of revealed truth more or less added to, and obscured by, monstrous fictions, in proportion to the age in which they were executed, and the state of religious information among their makers at the time. And now, to speak particularly of the Cave at the entrance of which we have all this time been standing, I would remark,

that its antiquity is so great that even the Hindoos cannot fix its date: older than their oldest records, I do not think the Bramins have a right to pretend that their system was intended by the sculptors; while, from its great age, we have a right to expect, on the principles above laid down, to find the primary symbols or hieroglyphics but little corrupted. Let us enter, and see how far our expectations are answered.

It is not my intention, nor indeed am I able, accurately to describe the figures, or give the due measurements of this far-famed cave, as I took no means or pains to ascertain them. I have succeeded, however, in finding a ground plan of it, which I affix, as tending to facilitate description; and with the same view I have inserted wood-cuts of the only four out of the sculptures of which I could obtain correct drawings; they will, perhaps, serve to give a tolerably correct idea of the rest, and render less tiresome the demands I am compelled to make on my readers' imagination.

The cave is a horizontal excavation in the side of the hill, about forty-five yards in length and somewhat less in breadth, and

from sixteen to seventeen feet in height; supported, or appearing to be supported, by the numerous columns, as marked in the plan,



which, I imagine, must have been left for that purpose in the process of excavation, the bases of many of them having been destroyed by time or violence, leaving their capitals still adhering to the roof. The cave contains,

besides numerous minor figures and ornaments, which I pass by as arbitrary and subsidiary decorations, nine pieces of allegorical sculpture, which were evidently the prime objects of the work, and in which, of course, the whole interest of it is concentrated. For convenience of reference I have numbered them in the plan from one to nine, in the order in which we will consider them. And here again I would ask the reader to dismiss from his mind all preconceived notions, in which these sculptures and Hindoo mythology are blended together; let us look at them as things to which no meaning has ever been attached: if we succeed in showing that they will bear an interpretation in accordance with known and undoubted truths, I have no objection to admit afterwards, the existence of undoubted falsehoods, which may, likewise, appear to fit and explain them, leaving to every one, as his judgment may incline, to attribute their original production to the one or to the other.

The first object which presents itself, on entering to the right, is a single figure (No. 1.), whose head-dress, or helmet, denotes him to

be the Supreme Being, or God, to whose worship, and in commemoration of whose qualities, attributes, or dealings with man, this singular temple was constructed and dedicated. Of this initiatory fact I think there can be no doubt, as the same being will also appear in six of the other sculptures, and always marked by the same mitre-looking helmet, or tiara. In this first figure he is represented with eight arms, stretched upwards and downwards, and in all directions. If we are to take the spirit of Eastern allegory, which we can trace back to the very creation of man, as our guide in interpreting this symbol, we can be at no loss to understand that this figure of the Deity, with its multiplicity of arms, is intended to declare his omnipresent, all-pervading agency, and to remind the entering worshipper of that awful and important attribute.

It would be easy to trace this hieroglyphical use of the many-handed or stretched-out arm in the mythology of various nations: it will, perhaps, be sufficient for the purpose, and also more in consonance with what I conceive to be the meaning of the whole, to confine the

illustration of this point to instances taken from the inspired writers, many of which will occur to every one; so that to quote one or two will be sufficient.

Observe, then, the use made of it by David in the 139th Psalm.

“Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there. If I make my bed in hell, behold Thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.”

Prior to the invention of literal symbols, I do not see how this idea could have been written or recorded otherwise than by such a figure as we are considering.

And, using the same imagery, Amos writes in the 2d verse of the 9th chapter of his prophecy—

“Though they dig into hell, thence shall mine hand take them; though they climb up to heaven, thence will I bring them down.”

Isaiah is full of the idea in various forms, as in chap. xlv. 12.: “I have made the earth,

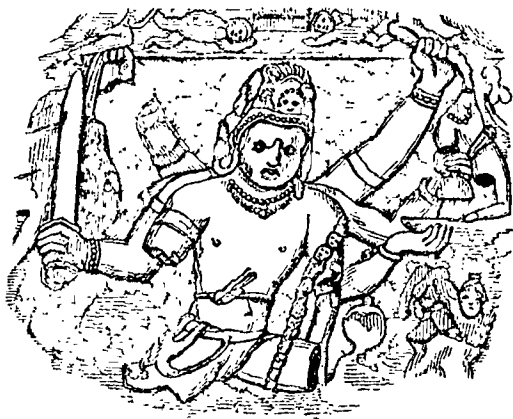
and created man upon it: I, even my hands, have stretched out the heavens."

Turning from this statue to the one directly opposite to it (No. 2.), we behold exactly the same figure, but without any arms, truncated. I have since seen it suggested that it had a pair of arms, which have been broken off by violence, and that the traces may be discerned where the hands rested on the knees. I do not think this material, because in either case I should conclude, that this representation of the Deity was intended to symbolise the unity of his essential existence. As, in the opposite figure, his arms represent him not only as being, but as acting; so, in this, the absence of arms, or their being laid supinely on his lap, would seem to indicate that even though he does not or did not act, still "He is." Indeed we know that the Almighty has himself chosen, as the most emphatic way of expressing his self-dependent existence, to take a name from it, and bid us call him "I AM." Such an idea this sculpture is well calculated to express, especially if its calm repose be contrasted with the multiplied action of its opposite; in which also it is worthy of remark, that in the

background, as though looking from the clouds which are round about him, beings are represented as surveying the operations of his hands, while around this quiescent figure no such forms are seen: it seems intended to represent him

“ Alone in his immense *éternité*.”

Advancing from the entrance or porch, in which are the two figures just described, you enter the main area of the temple, and face the High Altar (No. 5.), which shall be noticed in its turn, and having at your back, to the right and left on the wall, facing the altar, two other pieces of sculpture (Nos. 3. and 4.), which were doubtless intended to claim prior attention.



That on the right (No. 3.), of which the wood-cut gives a very correct representation, depicts the same being in a state of violent progressive motion, not winged or flying, but apparently moving as by volition, without the exertion of any member of his body to urge him forward, or as though borne on a whirlwind; as David describes "Him that rideth upon the heavens, who maketh the clouds his chariot, who walketh upon the wings of the wind."

Observe also the two-edged sword in his right hand. I could not help exclaiming, "Gird Thee with Thy sword upon Thy thigh, O Thou most mighty; ride on because of Thy worship and renown, and Thy right hand shall teach Thee terrible things." Here is the weapon which Jeremiah so boldly apostrophises in his 47th chapter. "O thou sword of the Lord, how long will it be, ere thou be quiet? Put up thyself into thy scabbard, rest, and be still. How can it be quiet, seeing that the Lord hath given it a charge against Ashkelon and against the sea-shore? There hath he appointed it."

And as though completely to identify this figure with the imagery used by the inspired

penmen, to convey their ideas of the terrors of the angry and avenging Jehovah, its left hand holds a cup or bowl, out of which he is in the act of pouring, exactly as figured in the 75th Psalm: "In the hand of the Lord there is a cup, and the wine is red: it is full of mixture, and he poureth out of the same; but the dregs thereof all the wicked of the earth shall wring them out, and drink them."

Isaiah has the same image:

"Awake! awake! stand up, O Jerusalem, which hast drunk at the hand of the Lord the cup of his fury; thou hast drunken the dregs of the cup of trembling, and wrung them out."

And so also Jeremiah:

"Take the wine-cup of this fury at my hand, and cause all the nations to drink it; and they shall drink and be moved, and be mad, because of the sword that I will send among them."

This figure, it will be observed, has also additional arms, employed in various ways subsidiary to the main idea,—to add an arm in fact producing the same effect as an epithet in language. In one of the hands, for instance, is a child, which he is in the act of dashing to the

ground, thus heightening the terror of the imagery, by the introduction of a figure so frequently employed for that purpose in Eastern writers, and often by those of the Old Testament; as in the concluding verse of the 137th Psalm, in which a blessing is invoked on the executor of God's judgments against Babylon, among which is reckoned this tremendous infliction: "Happy shall he be that taketh and dasheth thy little ones against the stones."

On the whole, then, I think we have made out a strong probability that the sculptor designed, in this emblematical figure, to embody ideas similar to those conveyed by the allegorical language in which the Patriarchal and Levitical churches were wont to describe that most terrible of the divine attributes — strictly avenging justice; when "before him went the pestilence, and burning coals went forth at his feet; when the sun and moon stood still in their habitation, at the light of his arrows and the shining of his glittering spear; when he marched through the land in indignation, and threshed the heathen in anger:" even such a terrible being as was seen by Saint John, "who was clothed with a vesture

dipped in blood, and out of whose mouth goeth a sharp sword, that with it he should smite the nations, and who shall rule them with a rod of iron, and tread the wine-press of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God."

The sculpture answering to this on the other side of the cave (No. 4.) represents the same being seated on what appears to be a fragment of a wall, not perpendicular, but on its face, or horizontal: perhaps this may be the hieroglyphical symbol of the universe, the "*mœnia mundi*" — the wall of the world. Whatever it be, it serves as his seat, and is supported by elephants' heads, and I think a pair of Atlantean shoulders: it is, however, much mutilated and time-worn: the attitude and expression of the figure is, however, decidedly that of dignified power; and from the presence of the elephants, the very natural symbol of irresistible strength, there is, I think, no difficulty in imagining that the whole might symbolise the divine attribute of omnipotent strength,—that mighty energy which, when operating for or against mankind,—Isaiah thus describes by its consequences: "Trust ye in the Lord for ever, for in the Lord Jehovah

is everlasting strength; for he bringeth down them that dwell on high: the lofty city he layeth it low; he layeth it low, even to the ground, he bringeth it even to the dust."

Let us now consider to what point the worshipper may be supposed to have advanced. He has entered the temple, and by four bold images been instructed or reminded that He to whose worship it is consecrated is One—Omnipresent—Strictly Avenging—All-powerful God; attributes which speak nought but terror to sinful man; which of themselves would invite but a sort of deprecatory, hopeless worship. He has been made acquainted with truths relative to the divine nature, which speak no comfort to him, but rather beget despair, and are calculated to render his spirit dark and gloomy as the cave into the interior of which he now advances further; but he proceeds not far, when his eye, becoming habituated to the sombre light, and looking anxiously for some ray of hope, some sign of better things, perceives upon the wall opposite to him five other mystic sculptures; the interpretation of which has no sooner been made known to him by the Hierophant, than, yield-

ing his faith to the comforting doctrine, hope revives, or rather is born within him, and, filled with gratitude, he prostrates himself before the high altar, to adore the Triune Godhead to which it is dedicated.

But to return from the realms of imagination to those of reality. We have now to consider the "High Altar" (No. 5.). This shrine exactly faces the entrance, and, as will be noticed in the plan, is thrown back in a small recess or sanctuary, similar to those in Christian churches; while on either side of it, is a small room (*a* and *b* in the plan), evidently intended as a place of preparation for the priests. The High Altar is ornamented by a colossal three-headed bust, of which the annexed wood-cut will convey a very good idea. Its height, I should think, was ten or twelve feet; the face in the centre is extremely grand, full of majestic though placid dignity, and denoted by the head-dress to be God. Of the other heads, that on the right hand of the bust claims first attention.

The Christian can hardly refrain from an involuntary start of recognition: before him are the features of "a man of sorrows, ac-



quainted with grief," possessing that peculiar expression of dignified suffering, of patient and voluntary endurance of punishment, deserved not by himself but by others, which the geniuses of painting and sculpture always strive to impress on their images of the Redeemer.

Can it be denied, that from that altar was once proclaimed the astounding fact, that a person of the Divine Trinity should, for some great purpose, take on him human nature, and endure agony; that he should be exceeding sorrowful, even unto death? I think not; for round his brow is a chaplet, in which are entwined a human skull and an infant; he will be a child—grow up to manhood—and die: but why this agony?—in what contest or for what end sustained? All is explained; for with his right hand he is crushing or strangling a serpent, which in vain strives to elude and wind itself out of his victorious grasp.

The reader will almost anticipate the nature of the face upon the left of the bust: its features are somewhat of the feminine cast, or rather, I should say, not masculine,—features in which the sculptor has not thought of sex, but which are the natural result of endeavouring to embody his idea of the Eternal Wisdom or Spirit of God—the idea which attempted to develope itself, in the Pallas of the Greeks, and the Minerva of the Latins—a representation, in short, of that Being of whom Solomon speaks in the eighth chapter of his Proverbs,

in which he introduces Wisdom, claiming for herself all the attributes of supreme Godhead—Eternity—Perfection—Omnipotence,—marking herself in the most emphatic manner as a distinct person, and proving herself to be the same person alluded to by our Saviour, in after ages, under the name of the “Holy Spirit,” by the similarity of the denunciation contained in the last verse of the chapter, “He that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul: all they that hate me love death,” and the warning recorded by St. Luke, “Unto him that blasphemeth against the Holy Ghost it shall not be forgiven.”

I may be excused if, before quitting this subject, I draw attention to Milton’s beautiful treatment of the same idea; first, when, at the commencement of his “Paradise Lost,” he invokes his heavenly *Muse*—“the Spirit that prefers beyond all temples, the upright heart and pure;” and again, in the seventh book, in a style still more consonant to my observation as to the feminine cast of the idea, he invokes “Urania,” not, as he explains himself, the muse of heathen mythology, but Her whom he thus addresses:—

————— “Heavenly born;  
Before the hills appear’d, or fountain flow’d,  
Thou with Eternal Wisdom didst converse —  
Wisdom thy sister; and with her didst play  
In presence of the Almighty Father, pleas’d  
With thy celestial song.”

Before concluding the description of this face, I should remark, that in its hand is a lotus flower—the well-known symbol of immortality, while in front is placed a single fruit, apparently a pomegranate or guava: can it be the “fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil”—that mystic food which the Spirit of God can alone partake of with impunity—dangerous, fatal, to all created beings?

Four other sculptures remain to be considered, two on either side of the High Altar; their places are indicated in the plan by the numbers 6, 7, 8, 9.; and in this order we will take them.

Of No. 6. I have not been able to procure a drawing; it represents a group of three figures, the centre and principal of which is the Supreme Being, as depicted in the other sculptures; while, as if to mark that in the action which at present occupies him, all the three persons of the Godhead have their peculiar, and, so to

speaking, distinct share, immediately behind him, and partly concealed by him, is a miniature copy of the large three-faced Bust. Before him stands a woman, having submission and resignation strongly marked in her countenance; while the head slightly bent forward, and the arms folded upon the bosom, are indicative of the same feelings. Near, and rather behind her, stands a male figure, leaning forward with reverential and listening curiosity to catch the message, or command, or promise, which the Supreme Being is evidently in the act of addressing to the woman: in the clouds above them appear multitudes of beings, as though witnessing the scene.

This sculpture, I would say, is a representation of the promise made to our first parents, and the Supreme Being is in the act of declaring to the woman that her seed should eventually bruise the head of her enemy. That this mystery was revealed to Adam and Eve, even in a fuller manner than the inspired historian has thought necessary to record in the third chapter of Genesis, there is, I think, much room to conclude from the whole tenor of the sacred volume itself, and especially if

we<sup>1</sup> consider the exclamation of Eve on the birth of Cain: "I have gotten a man, even the Lord Jehovah;" for so it is in the original, though our translation has lost the force of the expression. The particulars of such an event, the very manner of its prediction, would of course be sedulously preserved by the fathers of mankind; and may well account for the carving of such a sculpture as this by some of their not very remote descendants.

If this be allowed to represent the giving of the promise "that a child should be born," the next sculpture (No. 7.) must at once be recognised as recording and portraying its accomplishment, so far, at least, as the birth of the promised seed. I am able to give a woodcut of this group, which, it will be observed, consists of three principal figures: the Supreme Being, a woman, and a child, which she is presenting to him, as though claiming fulfilment of the promise, and which he is recognising by placing his hand upon its head; while between the two larger figures, and immediately over the child, the serpent is seen looking down with interest on an event so inevitably fatal to him: other beings also appear



as bending from the sky to witness it. Passing by the High Altar, we now approach No. 8. This group, of which I am also able to give a drawing, seems to bring on the mystery in due gradation, and proportionably increases in interest: the woman's seed was eventually



to bruise the head of the serpent; but the seed was previously to have his heel bruised, to suffer death, to be sacrificed to eternal justice, to encounter the powers of death and the grave, in order that he might triumph over them. The means and manner of his death were, for obvious reasons, only at the most obscurely hinted at, and accordingly, though I am convinced that this sculpture must have been intended to depict the final triumph of the beguiled woman and her offspring over her deceiver the serpent, by means of the sacrifice of her seed, yet no allusion is made to

the mode of death, nor is the seed introduced either suffering, dying, or dead. A woman, it will be seen, is the chief figure; she is here represented with four arms, standing indeed, but leaning so much to her right, that her body appears distorted, and as though she would fall, were it not for one of her right arms, which rests upon the head of a bull, (the emblem of sacrifice in general,) while her leaning with her whole weight upon it, would seem to denote her implicit confidence in sacrificial atonement. The end of the sacrifice is finely marked by her crushing with her other right hand the head of the serpent; this action thus seems to be attributed to her in the same manner as to the second person of the Divine Trinity: this, of course, can only be in a secondary sense, as the conqueror of the serpent through the instrumentality of her seed; or it may be that, even in this figurative attribution, it was intended to guard against any misconstruction, and that there is a peculiar meaning in the absence of the right breast, which will be observed in the drawing. I think it possible it may be a rude way of expressing that the performance of the achievement is the act of that

Divine Person alone, who was to take male nature in her, and thus become incorporated with her, and be "perfect man of her substance."

With one of her left hands she waves a cymbal, the emblem of joyous triumph, while the other is extended to receive the gifts and homage of several persons who have approached her for the purpose of offering and rendering them. Among them we can discern a queen, as evidenced by the sceptre on her shoulder, and the slave behind her carrying the box of treasures which she is about to present. This, I think, speaks for itself; to quote texts of scripture in illustration of every part of it would be an easy but superfluous task, as they will occur so readily to the mind of every reader. Either this has reference to the "expectation of all nations," or it has not; if not, if it can be proved not, there is an end of the matter, except indeed the curious coincidences in this and the other sculptures will still remain to be accounted for: if, on the contrary, it be held to have reference to the great scheme of redemption, there can be no doubt of its meaning, and the whole becomes as plain and

as intelligible as a picture by an acknowledged Christian artist.

And so indeed it may be said of No. 9., the last group I have to describe, and which forms a most fitting conclusion and consummation to the whole. A new Being is now introduced, seated on a chair or throne of judgment, as indicated by the beings standing submissively and expectantly before him. In appearance man, his aspect of authority and his occupation betoken him to be more than man; he is the Man God. Behind the throne, as though consulting with, prompting him, or acting through him, stands the Supreme Being, here, and here only, not the most prominent figure, but so placed as to be invisible to the parties undergoing the judgment. The Scripture gives us the reason of this allegorical concealment, for "the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son:" in short, I made no doubt that I was contemplating an attempt to represent the day when God shall judge the secrets of man by Jesus Christ.

I have now described the principal sculptures in the cave of Elephanta, and brought to bear on their interpretation the idea with

which I started. I am far from thinking I have fully carried it out; on the contrary, in order to do so, a much more minute examination, comprehending all the minor details with which the chief figures are surrounded, would be necessary: in doing this, I doubt not we should discover some symbols in which we might read truths; some which might appear to have no meaning or intention save ornament; and some evident and corrupt additions, by which we might possibly be able to fix the date of the work.

Under any circumstances, the most accurate adaptation of the Hindoo or any other system to these, or any similar figures, would not weaken my belief that such symbols were originally used to record truths, and that the truth is still there, more or less hidden under rubbish, and that the other account is a subsequent invention, framed to suit the system, which would, if not thus prevented, claim them as its own.

With how much ease an entire falsehood might be built on a sculpture intended by its maker to symbolise a truth, may, perhaps, be best understood by putting a case, and

supposing a Christian to paint an infant in a cradle strangling a serpent; and let this picture be carried to some savage tribe, totally ignorant of religion, by an individual who should be capable of inspiring them with veneration by his superior knowledge of natural phenomena, &c., and who should desire to extend his influence over them to the utmost, by becoming a teacher of religion. He might display his picture; they would ask its meaning; it matters not to the argument whether he himself be supposed acquainted with the true interpretation or not; only, if he be, we must imagine him unwilling to declare it, as not suiting his ulterior views: either for this reason, or to conceal his ignorance, we may suppose him replying to the inquiries of his disciples,—That wondrous child is a god, the son of a god; Jupiter was the name of the father, Hercules of the son. But how came the serpent to attack him in his cradle? Another god, being jealous, sent it. Did the child grow up? what were his deeds? did he marry? had he children? what did they do? The answers which might be given to all these natural interrogatories would form much such

a history as we actually have in the heathen Hercules.

With an unlimited field of fiction before him, they could scarcely exhaust the invention of the priest, though they might force him mentally to say,

“ Oh, what a tangled web we weave,  
When first we practise to deceive !”

But now, to complete the illustration, suppose these fictions to be made the subject of other paintings or sculptures by his credulous auditory; am I, coming among them, after listening to their explanations of the branches they have ingrafted, to confess that I no longer recognise the parent stem? Shall I not rather seize the sharpest instrument I can employ to prune out and lop off these false limbs, so that the light of knowledge and the sun of truth may once more have access to its roots, and cause it “ to bring forth fruit to perfection?”

I now quit the subject, which has grown under my hand to a size I did not anticipate. Not confining myself to a description of the particular objects under consideration, I have used them as a species of touchstone, on which

to try the value of a certain theory. Many, perhaps, will not agree either in my particular or general conclusions, and despair of drawing from such investigations any light capable of piercing and scattering the gloomy darkness which enshrouds the Pandemonium of paganism. Still I should imagine that none will dispute the existence of most curious coincidences, while some, perhaps, will participate in the feelings of solemn wonder, and I hope not unprofitable curiosity, which I carried with me from the cave of Elephanta, deeming I had witnessed an ancient record of, and testimony to the fact, that when we give glory to the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, we do as was done in the beginning, is done now, and ever shall be done.

## CHAP. VII.

## BOMBAY TO CAIRO.

STEAMER. OBSERVATIONS ON STYLE OF LIVING ON BOARD.  
ADEN. BABELMANDEL. COSSEIR. GULF OF SUEZ. SUEZ.  
ADVENTURE IN THE DESERT. CHARACTER OF THE DESERT.  
ARRIVAL IN CAIRO. TURKISH BATH.

SOME few years back, the fact of having crossed the Arabian Sea, passed the straits of Babel-mandel, navigated the Red Sea, visiting Aden and Cosseir, disembarking at Suez, and thence traversing the Desert to Grand Cairo, would have constituted a man a very Othello, and licensed him to talk of Hydras, Gorgons, and Chimeras dire, to any Desdemona who would patiently incline to hear him: while in these days it is a feat of such ordinary and easy performance, as scarcely to find a place among a traveller's memoranda. And yet, perhaps, this very facility has in it something scarcely less interesting than the difficulty which formerly attended such a voyage. The certainty and regularity with which the fire-ship keeps

to her road over the waste of waters—the undeviating precision with which science enables her to hit the narrow gate which admits her into the Red Sea, where, at Babelmandel, the extremities of Asia and Africa approach within two or three miles of each other—the untiring power which propels her—the important intelligence which she is bearing from one part to another of the same empire,—are all well calculated to beget reflections of amusing contrast between the past and the present, and shadowy anticipations of still more wondrous things to come. The steamer in which I quitted Bombay, at seven o'clock in the evening of the 1st of March, carried forty-four passengers, and was able to accommodate about half that number with cabin berths below, the remainder, in which number I reckon myself, were compelled to spread a blanket, or whatever better bedding they had, on the deck. As it turned out, we were more comfortable than those below, many of whom, during the hot nights, would gladly have exchanged their confined pigeon-holes for the cooler atmosphere of the deck. The mode of living on board the Company's steamers is

needlessly expensive and luxurious. Eighty pounds is the fare demanded for a voyage, the average length of which is eighteen days: such a sum is of course a very heavy item in the expense of the overland journey, and I think the generality of travellers would agree with me, that a plainer style of living would be equally if not more comfortable, while even those who are of opinion that the care of the table can hardly be carried to excess, would derive some consolation under the deprivation, from the 20*l.* which might in consequence be left in their pockets.

For eight days we have progressed through waters calm as a lake. The ninth morning dawns, our port is in sight; we near the shore; the anchor is dropped; we step on British territory; the flag of England is flying at Aden, over a garrison sent by her from Hindostan to defend her possessions in Arabia.

Aden is a port of great political importance, enabling us at any moment to close the gate of the Red Sea, and is extremely useful as a coal depôt. For these purposes, England has obtained and still keeps it, at a vast expense of blood and treasure. Setting its utility out

of the question, Aden is, I should say, a most miserable place, even for a coal-hole; not a tree grows or ever will grow amid the stones which must be called its soil, and not a blade of grass refreshes the eye: the residence of Europeans, should it be long continued, may in some measure improve it; but such struggles against nature are always tedious, and rarely successful.

The only curiosity in Aden is an old mosque, in which tradition asserts Ali the cousin and companion of Mahomet to have preached: if this be true, its age cannot be less than about 1170 years. At five in the morning we landed; by two in the afternoon the process of coaling was completed, and we hurried on board. An Arab chieftain, one of the most powerful of the princes of the Desert, had come to behold, for the first time, a steam-ship; much attention was paid to him, and every facility afforded for his inspection of every part of the vessel. What impression the sight made on him it was impossible to judge. No indications of surprise escaped him; every muscle preserved its wonted calmness of expression; and on quitting, he merely observed, "It is well; but

you have not brought a man to life yet." There was some discussion as to the meaning of this phrase. Did he wish to imply that what he had seen was so wonderful, that he concluded our next attempt would be to bring a dead man to life, and that he was not positive we should not be able to accomplish it? or was it a quiet way of saying, What is the use of all this fuss and bustle, this running from east to west? in a few years you will have all returned to your dust, your thoughts will have perished; all your power or contrivances cannot ward off the stroke of death? I am inclined to think that the latter ideas were passing through the mind of the wild warrior, who probably pitied the poor wretches who were condemned to what must to him have seemed a life of labour and confinement.

Before three we were off again, steering for the Straits of Babelmandel; with the following dawn we were in sight of them, and had barely time to observe how, in these and similar passages, rocks seen from a distance at sea appear at one time to offer a thoroughfare, and at another to approach so closely as to deny it,—thus explaining the terror of the ancient navi-

gators, and the legend of the Symplegades, — ere we were in them, through them, and careering up the Red Sea, — Asia extending itself on our right, Africa stretching away to the left. Mocha was soon left behind; perched on a hill, its white buildings seemed to rise in terraces one above another, and put me something in mind of Clifton.

Here our favourable weather deserted us; the wind in our teeth retarded, though it did not stop us; receipts for the prevention of seasickness were tried, and, as usual, proved wholly unavailing; those who did not suffer had more room to walk the deck, and laughed at those who did. In this way passed six days, till, in the afternoon of the 18th, we again approached land: our last visit was to Asia; we now stop at Cosseir, and set foot on Africa.

Cosseir is a small village built of unburnt brick, possessing a fort, originally constructed by the French; its existence is owing to its use as a port, in which some of the produce of Arabia can be exchanged for the corn of Egypt. Large quantities of grain used to be exported from it by Mehemet Ali, for the use of his troops in Arabia, while he was engaged

in his long and fruitless effort to subjugate the Children of the Desert. We visited the governor, a friend of Ibrahim Pacha's, whom he was very desirous to see after his return from Syria, and therefore accepted our commander's offer of a passage to Suez. He came on board in the afternoon, under a salute from his fort, and brought with him three or four attendants, his secretary, pipe-bearer, sword-bearer, &c. His carpets were spread upon the deck; and, after disposing conveniently around him his gun, sword, and pistols, all richly ornamented, he betook himself to repose. Our coal-cellar being partially replenished, we left Cosseir in the afternoon of the 20th, and entered the Straits of Jubal—so called from the small island of that name which forms one of the gate-posts—at daybreak on the following morning. To the right was the entrance of the sea of Akaba—a ditch, as I have heard it well described, eighty miles long, seven broad, and no anchorage in any part of it—to navigate which was, I believe, deemed impracticable, till the officers of the Indian navy, some years back, succeeded in proving that its difficulties and dangers could be surmounted

by British skill and perseverance. The Gulf of Suez—the other prong of the fork into which the Red Sea divides itself at Jubal—appears like a large river to one accustomed to the ocean, being about twenty-one miles at the broadest, and not more than fourteen at the narrowest part. Our course lay up the middle. We were soon abreast of Mount Tor, and not long afterwards fancied we could see Mount Sinai. (If the Gulf of Suez be the tongue of the Egyptian sea, it would appear that the prophecy which foretels its being dried up is in course of accomplishment.) The shore at Suez cannot be approached within a long distance by anything larger than a boat; sandbanks seem to run out in all directions; and I observed men apparently a considerable way out at sea, yet not above their knees in water. We anchored during the night of the 21st, having been out three days longer from Bombay than we expected.

Suez possesses no attraction whatever; nor is there any between it and Cairo. That traveller is the wisest and most fortunate who, either in cart, on camel, or on donkey, traverses most expeditiously the dreary eighty-four

miles of sandy desert which intervene between the two places.

Leaving Suez at half-past one in the day, we progressed without ceasing, save for about an hour, till four in the morning, when we reached the centre station, where we found some refreshment awaiting us, which had been sent out from Cairo, and where we rested for two hours and a half. Before seven we were again on the march; and, after a most wearisome day's journey, reached Cairo about six in the evening, with just light enough to distinguish the Pyramids, looming, as a sailor would say, most grandly in the distance; and this without accident to any one of our numerous party, ladies and children included, unless, indeed, an adventure which befell myself, and which might have been attended with serious consequences, be held deserving of that name.

We had halted for a few minutes during the night, which was extremely dark and cold, and I took the opportunity of running briskly up and down to warm myself. In this occupation I was most unpleasantly interrupted by finding myself falling, whither I knew not.

As soon as I stopped, and could 'collect my senses, which were naturally a little scattered by the violence of the shock, and the startling suddenness of the descent, I began to stretch my limbs, one by one, in order to satisfy myself that they were unbroken, and that I still retained the use of them. Being agreeably disappointed in this respect, my next object was to gain my feet; in doing which, I was careful to gather myself up, shifting my ground as little as possible, lest I might be on the ledge of a precipice, which had stopped my descent, and from which, if I quitted it, I might fall still further. At length, standing upright, I extended my arm above my head; my hand touched a smooth wall of masonry. I had fallen into a reservoir, constructed for the purpose of obtaining a supply of water during some of those rare but violent showers with which this sandy tract is occasionally visited. I shouted for assistance, and shortly, to my great joy, a torch was protruded over the edge of the pit, and its light illumined the features of an Arab who was peeping down upon me. My situation needed no explanation, and he was about to take measures for assisting me, when sud-

denly checking himself, he asked for "bucksheesh," a present. Of course I should have rewarded him; but this mercenary demand, under such circumstances, so enraged me, that, forgetting what might have been the consequence, I refused his assistance, resolving not to gratify his barbarous cupidity; so my friend very quietly departed. My shouts soon brought others to my aid, and by means of a man laying himself flat on the ground, and reaching down his hand, I was enabled to extricate myself. The pit must have been more than ten feet deep.

To those who are fond of etymological researches, I would suggest that in the word "bucksheesh," which so moved my indignation on this occasion, we perhaps have the origin of our "box," signifying "present," bucksh, bux, box. If the Arabs of the middle ages were anything like those of the present day, the Crusaders must have had it constantly dinned into their ears, and by them it may have been imported into England. The Society of Antiquaries may perhaps be able to determine the question, by ascertaining whether there be any instance of the use of the word "box" in this sense prior to the time of the Crusades; and

if this point should be decided favourably to my hypothesis, it may serve to explain another ancient English idiom, "box on the ear;" for if the temper of those champions of the Cross was not better than that of their descendants, it is highly probable that some stalwart warrior, goaded to desperation by the constant repetition of the word, may have silenced if not satisfied the applicant, by a well-bestowed buffet, requesting him to consider it as a freely given "bucksh," or "present."

But to return to the Desert: its most extraordinary feature is the manner of its termination. One would expect, in approaching inhabited and cultivated regions, to meet with symptoms of vegetation, or discern some traces of man, and so to pass gradually from total barrenness to complete cultivation. But not so; the Desert is a sea of sand, and as water washes a wall, so does the sand reach to the very walls of Cairo: this minute you are in the Desert, the next in the city, or at least the suburb. This abrupt transition from the loneliness and silence of death to the busy hum of life, which greets the traveller at his entrance, has a singular effect. The first human beings we came in

contact with were a body of troops encamped under the walls, the relics of Ibrahim Pacha's Syrian army, which had but recently performed the same march, and, being without water for several days, and exhausted by previous hardship and fatigue, had left their bones on the road in sufficient quantity to mark their route. The camels seemed to have suffered most; though this may have been owing to their having, when time and circumstances permitted, buried the human victims; an operation in many instances very imperfectly performed; indeed it must be well done to defy the attacks of those inveterate resurrectionists, the jackals. Within about two miles of Cairo I noticed two poor fellows who had been thus disturbed: after all their toils and sufferings, they had died in sight of home.

The first thought of myself and several others of the party, on entering Cairo, was the luxury of cleansing ourselves from the smoke of the steamer, and refreshing ourselves after the fatigues of the Desert in a Turkish bath. The long process of steaming, kneading, rubbing, and washing, comprehended in this operation, has become, by description and re-description, so familiar to European readers

as to render further account of it superfluous : extremely refreshing in such a case as ours it certainly was, but, for constant use, I much prefer the more simple and less public baths of Europe.

I ought not to dismiss the subject of the Desert journey, without recording my gratitude to Messrs. Hill and Waghorn, to whose exertions it is owing, that travellers are able to perform it with so much comparative ease, or rather to perform it at all. The many disadvantages with which they have had to contend, have perhaps prevented their doing all they wish, but all they could do they have done, and are doing : fatigues and inconveniences in the Desert there will be, till the " railroad " is completed ; not, however, of a character too serious to be included in the catalogue of those passing difficulties which,

*" olim meminisse juvabit ; "*

things " to be remembered with advantages." Entertaining such feelings, it was with considerable satisfaction that we found ourselves safely housed in Messrs. Hill's very comfortable hotel at Cairo.

In Cairo, many of those who had accompanied us from India, did not halt above two hours, pushing on to catch the steamer in waiting for the mail at Alexandria. I resolved to remain some time in Egypt, with a view of seeing its far-famed wonders, a determination on which I shall ever congratulate myself, and to which, if for nothing else, I am indebted for the opportunities which ripened into friendship, an acquaintance commenced in Bombay; a friendship which, I flatter myself, enhanced to both parties the pleasure and instruction derived from the scenes which we subsequently visited in company. In the interchange and communication of the ideas and sensations excited at the moment, consists a principal charm of travel. Food for the mind, like that for the body, loses half its zest if we are obliged to partake of it alone. The poet is compelled to conclude his praise of solitude by saying,

“ Yet give me still one friend in my retreat,  
Whom I may whisper — ‘ Solitude is sweet.’ ”

## CHAP. VIII.

## CAIRO.

DONKEYS. CITADEL. INTERVIEW WITH ABBAS PACHA. MUS-  
SULMAN TOMBS. FAMILY TOMB OF MEHEMET ALI. HIS  
GARDENS AT SHÜBERA. MOSQUES. MOSQUE OF THE  
"BLOODY BAPTISM." MAMELUKE KINGS. MY LANDLADY.  
NATIONAL GUARD. "CAPTAIN ALI." HELIOPOLIS. PYRA-  
MIDS. SPECULATIONS THEREON.

THERE is no accounting, says the Latin Poet, for the various customs and caprices of men. In spite of the proverbial hopelessness of the task, I could not help speculating, as I mounted my donkey—the universal instrument of locomotion in Cairo—on the extraordinary fact of that animal being in such use and request in this part of the world, while in India the mounting of one is regarded as an indelible disgrace, and forms an important item in the quantum of punishment awarded by the criminal law to perjury. To whatever his more honoured condition be owing, the donkey of Egypt is, however, certainly well adapted to

his employment; and it is extremely curious to observe the sagacity with which he threads through the narrow and crowded streets, apparently measuring with much care and accuracy the space through which he and his rider can pass, although it must be allowed he is occasionally a few inches out in his calculations, an error for which the knees of the asinestrian of course proportionably suffer. After exercising our jockeyship in selecting the handsomest and most promising from a whole troop, each individual of which was loudly asserted by his owner to be the finest donkey in the universe, and after actually undergoing some little jostling, in consequence of the extreme anxiety of each proprietor to secure us for himself, we at length got fairly mounted, and set off under conduct of a guide hired, and similarly mounted, for the occasion, full trot for the Citadel.

To this point, I should say, the visiter to Cairo cannot do better than direct his steps in the first instance. Situated on a lofty rock, having the Desert at its back, and the whole town spread out in front between it and the Nile, a general idea of the style, size, and

nature of the city, is at once gained; which, like previous study of a map, facilitates and directs subsequent explorings and excursions. From hence the Pacha, inaccessible to any popular tumult, could in a very short space of time convince the inhabitants that they were entirely at his mercy; and as he is known not to scruple at strong measures, it is probable that the citadel may have a very quieting effect on the good people of Cairo. Within it are two palaces; the "old palace," which now bears that title to distinguish it from its neighbour, and the "new palace," erected by Mehemet Ali for his own residence; while the more ancient building is converted into a court of justice, hall of audience, and other offices of government. Into the latter, seeing an influx of people, my companion and myself entered, and found ourselves in a large hall, thronged with individuals apparently of all sorts and ranks, all evidently there on business, and turning, as to a common centre, to a small open door at the further end, near which lounged a sentinel, and a few military men of different ranks. To our enquiries as to where we were, and what was going on, the only answer we

could obtain was, "the Pacha, the Pacha." What Pacha, we had not quite determined, when an officer coming towards us, enquired if we wished to see him; and on our expressing our readiness to undergo the honour of an interview, we were ushered without further ceremony into the little room, and found ourselves in the presence of Abbas Pacha, grandson of Mehemet Ali, and governor of Cairo; a young man, whom we had been given to understand most religiously hated Christians in general, and the English in particular. Our position was rather a curious one: if England and Egypt were not at war, they could hardly be considered as at peace with each other. Our consul had departed, we were under the necessity of obtaining Dutch passports, and could not have felt much surprise had our reception been markedly uncivil; it was, however, much the contrary. He expressed himself gratified at hearing that, "owing to the favour of his Highness, we had passed unmolested through the Desert;" enquired whether we should like to see the "new palace," and, on our answering in the affirmative, directed an officer to conduct us over it. It is not very spacious; some of

the rooms are handsome; the building itself, as well as the furniture, exhibits a *mélange* of the European and Asiatic styles, which, under the circumstances, may perhaps be considered as an improvement in both. The other objects deserving of notice within the citadel, are the Mint, which appeared an effective establishment, though the machinery is worked by the hand; a new mosque, in course of erection by the Pacha, which promises to be an elegant building, and Joseph's Well, a parallelogrammic excavation, completely through the rock on which the citadel is founded, sufficiently large to admit of galleries being constructed at the sides, down which donkeys can be driven to be laden with the water. Leaving the citadel, we proceeded to visit other interesting spots in this curious city, the inhabitants and customs of which have been so minutely and accurately described by Mr. Lane, in his work entitled "*Modern Egyptians*," that the new comer, having perused it, can scarcely be said to be a stranger in Cairo. Neither in traversing the streets, in visiting the mosques, or in squeezing through the bazars, did I notice any interesting object, or characteristic feature,

which he has left untouched. With such a work before me, even had I enjoyed far greater opportunities of observation than I did, any attempt to re-describe what he has so admirably delineated, would be at once useless and presumptuous. In travelling, moreover, it has always been my aim and amusement to secure upon my mind a lasting impression of a few of the chief objects in the locality, instead of weakening their force by overcrowding my memory. I have indulged in long lucubrations upon some one trait in national or individual character, in preference to tasking my industry to rake up, and become acquainted with, their less obvious features. From such a habit my note-book naturally takes its complexion, and presents rather a description of my sensations and reflections under particular circumstances and situations, than any multiplicity of incidents or minuteness of information. This egotistical explanation I have thought necessary, to account for the seemingly random manner in which I have strung together my various topics. I give them as they occurred to me, a method which, if it be deficient in system, is at least natural, and as such may

to some be more agreeable than a more artificial arrangement.

The attention paid by the Musselmen to the last resting-places of their departed friends, has in it a tone of sentiment superior to that which is sometimes so touching among the French; a superiority which arises from the intention of the one, taking a wider scope than that of the other; for while both give vent to their regret, and express their affection for the departed, by ornamenting and frequenting the grave, religious feeling appears more intimately blended with the actions of the former than with those of the latter. The Frenchman seems to mingle with the respect he desires to pay to his lost friend, a sort of wish to beguile himself, to persuade himself that death is not the awful thing which nature tells him it is. An effort to hide his spectral brow beneath a chaplet of roses! Not so the pious follower of Mahomet; he, on the contrary, takes the opportunity of giving himself a lesson in the art of contemplating without undue emotion the King of Terrors, so that the hour in which he himself shall have to grapple with him, may find him duly prepared. We all

remember the winding-sheet of Saladin, and his last words, expressing, "that a few feet of earth were now sufficient for the Sovereign of the East;" but I cannot help referring to the anecdote as a memorable instance of the feeling I am endeavouring to define. To the grave then, the Mussulman is fond of resorting for his own edification, and, when his circumstances permit it, he raises over it a small mausoleum or chapel, to which he can retire, spread his prayer carpet, commune with his own heart, and be still. Into what splendid edifices has this feeling, so to speak, expanded itself in the East!

I was led into this train of reflection by a visit to the family tomb of Mehemet Ali, a neat and simple stone building, containing several compartments, each surmounted by a dome, admitting a sombre and suitable light. On the floor are numerous tombs of different members of his family, several of his sons among the number, and conspicuous amid the rest, that of his favourite, Toossun Pacha. The monuments are of white marble, with gold inscriptions in Arabic, those of the men being distinguished by the carved turban at the

head. The floor is covered with valuable carpets, and the whole has a rich and solemn effect, eminently in unison with the feelings intended to be produced. Hither the females of the family constantly resort, and hither, not unfrequently, does the ruler of Egypt, when he can snatch an hour from the engagements and anxieties of his busy life, retire to contemplate these touching memorials of those whom death has swept from his side, and meditate on the spot specially reserved for himself, adjoining that occupied by his great grandson, the son of his grandson Abbas Pacha. From such a trait as this, it might be inferred, even in the absence of other proofs, that Mehemet Ali is destitute neither of feeling nor taste: his gardens at Shubera speak in favour of his possessing the latter quality. Situated about four miles from Cairo, the road to them lies through an avenue of trees along the bank of the Nile; they profess to be laid out partly in the French, and partly in the Italian style, and are interspersed with numerous summer-houses, alcoves, and fountains, while long alleys of orange and lemon trees leading from one bower to another give a sort of labyrinthian effect to the whole.

The principal building consists of a large marble tank or reservoir, around which run beautiful double colonnades of rich marble; in the centre is a fountain, appropriately representing several crocodiles, through the expanded jaws of which, the waters of the Nile pour into the basin; at each corner of the colonnades is an elegant saloon, and the whole, when used, is brilliantly lighted with gas. I do not mean to assert, that, judged by the standard of European taste and refinement, this Egyptian villa might not be found much fault with; but when it is taken into consideration that the Pacha, by only hearing of the luxuries and conveniences of European civilisation has been induced in this, and his other works, to select and adopt such as are best adapted to the country over which he rules, we cannot refuse him the tribute of our wonder and praise. We were not fortunate enough to witness it; but I can readily believe what I was told of the splendour of the scene which presents itself, when the Pacha here entertains the fashionable world of Cairo: the delicious climate, the murmuring and sparkling of the fountains, the brilliancy of the lights, and the gay dresses of the crowd,

must realise to the European, the ideas impressed upon his mind in childhood by the perusal of the Arabian Nights.

Egypt, as all are aware, was one of the first countries to which the sword of the followers of the Prophet communicated his doctrines; and we accordingly find, among the mosques of Cairo, one claiming to be nearly as old as a mosque can be—somewhat upwards of 1100 years: it is called the mosque of Sultan Ahmed Tailoon. Its appearance well beseems the age attributed to it: it is an immense building, possessing no attraction except to those in whose eyes mere antiquity is a charm. The mosque of Sultan Hassan, otherwise called “The Mosque of the Bloody Baptism,” is a far better specimen of a Mahometan place of worship. It was erected about A. D. 1200, and, though not worth describing, will repay the traveller for the trouble of drawing off his boots, and walking into it. The legend of its sanguinary name would have made up into a good drama for Astley’s; the closing scene, which in such cases is the grand dependance of the manager, would, if properly got up, secure a long run. Sultan Hassan, wishing to

see the world, and lay aside for a time the anxieties and cares of royalty, committed the charge of his kingdom to his favourite minister, and taking with him a large amount of treasure in money, and jewels, visited several foreign countries in the character of a wealthy merchant. Pleased with his tour, and becoming interested in the occupation he had assumed as a disguise, he was absent much longer than he originally intended, and in the course of a few years, greatly increased his already large stock of wealth. His protracted absence, however, proved a temptation too strong for the virtue of the viceroy, who gradually forming for himself a party among the leading men of the country, at length communicated to the common people the intelligence that Sultan Hassan was no more, and quietly seated himself on the vacant throne. Sultan Hassan, returning shortly afterwards from his pilgrimage, and fortunately for himself still in disguise, learnt, as he approached his capital, the news of his own death, and the usurpation of his minister; finding, on further enquiry, the party of the usurper to be too strong to render an immediate disclosure prudent, he preserved

his incognito, and soon became known in Cairo as the wealthiest of her merchants: nor did it excite any surprise when he announced his pious intention of devoting a portion of his gains to the erection of a spacious mosque. The work proceeded rapidly under the spur of the great merchant's gold, and, on its completion, he solicited the honour of the Sultan's presence at the ceremony of naming it. Anticipating the gratification of hearing his own name bestowed upon it, the usurper accepted the invitation, and at the appointed hour, the building was filled by him and his most attached adherents. The ceremonies had duly proceeded to the time when it became necessary to give the name. The chief Moolah, turning to the supposed merchant, enquired what should be its name? "Call it," he replied, "the mosque of Sultan Hassan." All started at the mention of this name; and the questioner, as though not believing he could have heard aright, or to afford an opportunity of correcting what might be a mistake, repeated his demand. "Call it," again cried he, "the mosque of me, Sultan Hassan;" and, throwing off his disguise, the legitimate sultan

stood revealed before his traitorous servant. He had no time for reflection: simultaneously with the discovery, numerous trap doors, leading to extensive vaults, which had been prepared for the purpose, were flung open, and a multitude of armed men issuing from them, terminated at once the reign and life of the usurper. His followers were mingled in the slaughter, and Sultan Hassan was once more in possession of the throne of his fathers. This Sultan Hassan was one of the Kurdish dynasty, which governed Egypt till 1382; when the Mamelukes, a body of foreign mercenaries, or rather slaves, maintained by them, rebelled, and placed one of their own body, Sultan Barchook, on the throne: and thus commenced a series of thirty-nine Mameluke kings, who occupied a period of 120 years; and ended with Chanessook el Ghoori; who, caballing with Persia against the Turkish sultan, Selim I., was attacked and defeated by that monarch, who entered Cairo in triumph in the month Sháaban, in the 923d year of the Hegira, answering to 1517 of the Christian era. Abolishing the Royal dignity, he left, however, much of the substance of power

in the hands of the Mamelukes, under the title of "Beys," exacting from them a tribute, and maintaining garrisons of his own, under a trusty Pacha, in Cairo and Alexandria. In this state, more or less obedient to the Turkish authority, Egypt remained; till the Sublime Porte was induced, by the artful representations of Mehemet Ali, to nominate him Pacha. "The rest who does not know?"

Among the curiosities of Cairo, not the least was our landlady—for we took lodgings in preference to remaining at the hotel.—An Englishwoman by birth, she had, in years gone by, married a Greek; and since the death of her husband, Madame Vassalachi has earned for herself a somewhat precarious subsistence by letting lodgings to strangers, for whom, to use the technical language of the profession, "she does" in a very comfortable manner. Though from her little green turban-sort of head-dress, Madame Vassalachi might be pronounced decidedly foreign, she retains a spirit truly English; in proof of which, during the late uncertain position of affairs in Egypt, when a formal declaration of war with England was expected in Cairo, Madame Vassalachi, of

importance to herself, and therefore as she argued, to the Pacha, anticipated an attack upon her house as the residence of an English woman, and prepared for her defence by barricading her door, and heating her oven full of sand; and thus armed she awaited the approach of any who should be daring enough to attempt her castle by escalade or otherwise. I am confident they would not have effected an entrance while her sand lasted. "But would not melted lead have been better," I ventured to suggest. "No, Sir," replied the heroine, with a consciousness of superior military talent; "sand answers just as well, and is not so expensive as lead." Had her valour been put to the test, she would certainly have maimed some of the national guard of Cairo ere they effected her capture or destruction. This national guard affords an extraordinary proof of the power of the "dreaded Pacha," uninspired by those feelings of patriotism which cause the national guard of Paris to assemble, the inhabitants and artisans of Cairo fill her streets at the tap of the drum with a soldiery equally well equipped, though it is not saying much for either, with the

regular army. This was practised every morning while we were in Cairo; and I can scarce doubt that had the Pacha been pushed to desperation on the late occasion, and been driven to defend his capital, the invaders would have found more obstacles than they calculated upon, in forcing their way through its narrow streets.

A servant in attendance on us, and a very excellent one he was, held some little rank in the corps of his department of the town, probably something equivalent to our sergeant; sufficient, however, for us to dignify him with the title of "Captain Ali." One morning, while the barber was operating on the chin of my companion, we expressed our annoyance at the band of drums which were rub-a-dubbing beneath our windows: to our great surprise the man of suds, opening the window, desired them, in an authoritative manner, to cease playing, and march off to another quarter. He was instantly obeyed; while we, to use the language appropriate to the country and the scene, considered "surely this accursed barber will make us eat dirt: the Pacha will defile both his beard and ours for his impertinence."

Captain Ali, however, speedily quieted our apprehensions, by informing us that the barber was the drum-major!

Captain Ali was really a very clever fellow; he knew his countrymen well, and blustered and strutted famously through the street and bazar, not sparing the use of his fists on, what he was pleased to think, proper occasions; so that we progressed well in a country where meekness is not appreciated, and dignity is confounded with haughtiness. With us he was highly amusing; he possessed the art, so peculiar to the servants in the East, of being familiar and communicative, without being insolent or presuming. As we were riding to Heliopolis, distant about five or six miles from Cairo, he careered in front of us so consequentially upon his donkey, that it invited us to put the firmness of his seat to the test; and we commenced a sort of tournament, by charging him at all the speed to which we could urge our donkeys. He enjoyed the frolic amazingly, and for some time successfully resisted our attacks; till, like Brian de Bois Guilbert, in the lists at Ashby, the girth of his saddle giving way, the gallant captain rolled

upon the sand. The whole, or at least nearly the whole, land between Cairo and Heliopolis belongs to Ibrahim Pacha, who is expending much care and labour in bringing it under cultivation. He has built himself a house about half-way between the two places; and along the road we passed several what we should call farm houses, the residences of his superintendents and farmers. Here, as wherever else we went, Captain Ali had an opportunity of indulging in a little dry satire on that dangerous subject—the Pacha. Whose house is that? Ibrahim Pacha's. Whose field is that? Abbas Pacha's. Whose fine cattle are those? Mehemet Ali Pacha's. Whose garden is that? Said Pacha's. The Pachas evidently had the fat of the land of Egypt; and Ali, though he did not complain, took this mode of showing he was quite aware of the fact. His constant reiteration of the same answer used to remind me of the ingenious cat of the Marquis of Carabba's, of nursery notoriety.

How many causes combine to render sacred and classic the site of Heliopolis!—the University of Egypt, in those early ages, when she alone was learned, and the rest of the world

listened with mysterious reverence to the oracular wisdom which flowed from the lips of her priests! From hence, in all probability, the highly-favoured viceroy of Pharaoh conducted in princely state to Memphis the daughter of the Priest of On. Here, too, the future historian and legislator of Israel must, as the adopted heir of Pharaoh, have been initiated in all the learning of the Egyptians. From hence must have come in haste, at the royal summons, the men of lore on whose assistance the monarch depended for confounding the leader of the Hebrews. Here, Herodotus tells us that he gathered from the Priests of Isis the strange mixture of history and superstition which he has handed down to us; here, also, in later times, the spirit of Plato strove to satisfy its yearnings, and learn —

“ What worlds, or what vast regions, hold  
The immortal mind that hath forsook  
Its mansion in this fleshy nook.”

But the spot is holier still;—here, humble and unknown, resided the Saviour of the world and his Virgin Mother—imagining probably that, within the precincts of that sanctuary, she was

safer than in any other part of Egypt. Had the inquiries or discoveries of Herod extended so far, the king of Egypt would not have dared to infringe the privileges of the Priestly City to gratify the monarch of Judæa. In calling up such reminiscences and associations as these, consists the pleasure of visiting this once celebrated city, or rather the site where once it stood. Of its ancient splendour no trace remains; indeed, so completely has it been razed from the earth, that, to borrow the language of an eloquent French writer, "one solitary obelisk alone remains, to tell the world that here once was Heliopolis."

Of course we visited the Pyramids; ourselves and donkies being ferried over the Nile, just above the little island of Rhoda, a ride of about an hour brought us to the foot of the great Pyramid. For my own part, I must confess I experienced a feeling of disappointment. From whatever cause it arises, the real magnitude of the work does not immediately strike the beholder, or at once beget in him that sensation of wondering awe which, I imagine, most visitors to these stupendous piles are predisposed to receive. It is not till the eye has

rested on, and traversed over them for some time, that the notion of their vast dimensions becomes duly impressed upon the mind. Then, indeed, as sight and feeling gradually expand to the measure of the object and the occasion, we see them in all their actual vastness, in all their antique dignity, in all their moral grandeur. They have not speech, nor language; yet their voice is heard, and speaks to the soul of the beholder—of the lapse of forty centuries—of the birth, the splendour, and decay of empires—and of his own frailty.

With the assistance of some Arabs, who bounded on before, and proffered the aid of their hands in dragging us up the enormous steps, my companion and myself ascended the great Pyramid in about twelve minutes, and with far less fatigue than we anticipated. From a situation so elevated above a country naturally flat, a most extensive prospect is, of course, obtained, which not only offers many interesting objects to the view, but conveys an admirable idea of the general nature of the country—in fact, shows you what Egypt is, or rather would be, but for the Nile—a bed of desert sand through which

the river meanders. Along its banks, and so far on each side of them as its periodical inundations extend, or its waters can be carried by art, all is green fertility; beyond that limit, barrenness resumes its dominion. Seen from our airy pinnacle, the cultivated and inhabited country looked like a vast green serpent, coiling and winding itself over a white plain. On the summit an Arab girl, who had followed us in our ascent, presented us with a stone bottle of the water of the Nile. We did not need the refreshment; but I tasted it as a beverage most appropriate to our situation, and with a small donation, "Bukshish," contented the speculating bottle-holder. The descent I thought more fatiguing than the ascent; the sinews suffer more from the succession of jolts, in the little jumps down the high steps, than from the strain and tension inflicted upon them by the upward progress. On regaining the plain, we determined on penetrating into the interior; a resolution which involved more difficulty, and even danger, than we were aware of. Having procured guides and candles, we entered the small aperture which forms the entrance to the mighty edifice, and found our-

selves in a narrow passage, sloping downwards at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and so low as to require much stooping: the descent terminates in a small chamber. The next step is an ascent, corresponding, as it were, with the previous descent, the mounting of which formed the commencement of our difficulties, having to perform that feat by means of a very singular species of stair. In two walls, at about four feet apart, are cut, at regular intervals, small places to admit the foot: with a hand against each wall, and each foot in one of these steps, one foot must be withdrawn, and placed in the next step, then the other foot brought up into the opposite step, and so on, till a sort of landing-place is gained, from which the means of further ascent are still more difficult. By the light of the candles we could just perceive, through the gloomy darkness above us, a sort of aperture in the corner of the roof, which was to be gained by a most uninviting ladder, formed of pieces of wood let into the wall in the angle; the steps being, I should say, nearly three feet apart. A guide preceded with a candle, with which, having gained the step above, he lighted up the one beneath for

our benefit. On entering the little opening at the top of the ladder, we found it something like a large chimney-pot; up this we thrust ourselves by the aid of hands and knees, much, I fancy, as the sweeps used to mount chimneys; emerging from it we entered a low little room, in the corner of which was another chimney-pot passage, leading into a similar cell, smaller, however, than the former, and not more than four feet high; in these apartments there was really nothing of any interest. Somewhat oppressed with the confined atmosphere, and the exertions we had made, we began to retrace our steps, a task of even more difficulty than the entrance, which, however, we accomplished without accident; and after doing ample justice to cold turkey, beef, and bottled porter in the tomb of some ancient Egyptian, which we converted into a dining room for the occasion, we set out on our return to Cairo, deeply impressed with the extraordinary edifices we had inspected.

The general features, shape, height, and breadth of the pyramids are so well known, that I have abstained from a word on the subject. Their use and intention is still a

mystery ; and they are therefore allowable topics of speculation to the traveller. Various have been the suggestions on these heads : — “ granaries ” — absurd ! they would not contain many quarters of wheat, even if the work were not so immensely disproportionate to the supposed object. “ Tablets to write hieroglyphics upon ” — absurd again ; for the part most wished to be preserved would be the first to decay. “ Observatories ” — improbable as a sole object, as so greatly exceeding what would be required for that purpose in such a situation. “ Sepulchres of kings ” — inadequate to account for them, unless to one who would be satisfied with being told, that Westminster Abbey or St. Paul’s was erected to bury people in, because many illustrious dead are there interred. Let us see if some more adequate reason can be suggested for their erection, and supported by plausible circumstantial evidence. Place any one, skilled in human nature, but previously ignorant of the very existence of the Pyramids, before them, and let him say to what motive he would attribute their existence. I feel confident his answer would be, “ Religion.” Experience teaches us that all simi-

lar exertions of human labour, if indeed any can be called similar, have been prompted and sustained by this powerful incentive. Who doubts this at Stonehenge, or in the cave of Elephanta, for instance? Assuming religion to be conceded as the most probable and most adequate motive, how will this idea be strengthened, if, on enquiry, we discover the people who erected the pyramids to have had a religion of the spirit of which those buildings are, as it were, an embodying type? Grand —daringly bold in its conjectures — reserved in its communications — mysterious in its forms — that the religion of Egypt was all these, the voice of History plainly tells us; that the pyramids might be fit temples of such a religion all may see. Herodotus at once asserts and allows Egypt to have “invented the names of the twelve gods, and to have been the first who erected altars, shrines, and temples.” If this be true, and that it is near the truth, there is every reason to believe, they were among the first, if not the first, corrupters of the true religion, and their false worship, though false in part only, must, like all such deviations, have had a large por-

tion of truth intermixed with it. Accordingly we find them in possession of several doctrines, the produce probably of antediluvian revelation, and Noahic tradition; as, for instance, the expiatory sin offering, as detailed in the 39th chapter of the Euterpe of Herodotus; and in the 21st verse of the 16th chapter of Leviticus. If Herodotus in this be worthy of credit, it is probable that the Jews must have regarded the ordinances and ritual of the law as, in many cases, a remodelling, reforming, and sanctioning of what both themselves and the Egyptians had been in the habit of practising on the authority of ancient patriarchal tradition, rather than as an entirely new system of worship.

The immortality of the soul, also, was certainly a leading article of their faith, however fanciful or complicated their ideas may have been relative to its transmigratory or purgatorial state; and there is, I think, nothing in the sacred volume, which would lead us to conclude, that during the time of Joseph they worshipped other than the true God. Of his proper nature and worship they were, probably, even then losing sight, a circumstance not to

be wondered at, since to renew and preserve the knowledge of them in the house of Israel, was, we see, the immediate and, so to speak, difficult task of God himself. Observe, — The captain of Pharaoh's guard saw that "the Lord" was with his youthful slave; surely they both had the same Lord, and both believed in his especial providence; both knew that he loved virtue and hated vice, rewarded one and punished the other; and this appears still more evidently in the narrative of his wife's conduct. God and his law must have been known to her, or the argument of Joseph would have been unintelligible to her. She did not listen to it, it is true; but it does not the less follow that Joseph was aware that, according to her professed religion, she ought to have done so. And again, in the 38th verse of the 41st chapter of Genesis, Pharaoh is described as distinctly admitting the inspiration of Joseph by the Holy Spirit, "the Spirit of God." The conduct of Joseph, during his possession of power in Egypt, affords proofs negative and positive of the state of religion, which I am contending to have then existed in Egypt. Under the former, I would class the fact of his not being

recorded to have used his power, influence, or superior knowledge, to the advancement of God's glory, and the removal of ignorance; under the latter, I would especially allude to the fact of his marrying the daughter of the priest of ON, which I cannot believe Joseph would have done, or if he had, that the sacred historian would have passed it uncensured, unless the ON of the Egyptian worship bore as near a resemblance to the ΩN of St. John, as do the sound and letters of the respective monosyllables. Had the tribes of Ephraim and Manasseh sprung from an idolatrous mother, it is incredible but that either directly or indirectly that fact should have come down to us. We know, indeed, that during a period of 400 years from the time we are speaking of, the Egyptian church had wandered into gross errors; that the Almighty had given them up to their own devices; and that they had lost the sacred name, for Moses, who was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, knew it not. But before that, the pyramids were built, and my firm conviction is, that the builders were not ignorant of the true God, but were possessed of much traditional revelation concerning him,

and that in His honour, and for the preservation of His revelations, these enormous piles were erected; and that within them were taught, among other things the being and nature of God—the fallen nature of man—a hope of restoration, and that that restoration was to be “by a new birth of water and the spirit.” To this latter doctrine I would particularly allude, because it is the one which appears to have been most generally retained amid all the corruptions of paganism; which formed part of every religious mystery behind the curtain, of which we have had the slightest opportunity of looking, as at Eleusis, and elsewhere; and we have the recorded surprise of our Saviour himself, that a teacher of Israel could possibly be at a loss to comprehend his allusions to it; and, lastly, because, what is more to my present purpose, it is of that doctrine that the plainest traces seem to remain in the pyramids.

The Bramins of India, on the pyramids being described to them, said, there would be a well going down to the level of, and thus communicating with, the sacred river: that well has since been discovered. It would

appear then that, for some purpose, water was required within the pyramid;—not brought from outside, lest the vulgar should perceive that it was needed. To what use was the element applied? This question, I would suggest, is replied to by the large bath or laver, commonly called the Sarcophagus. Attempts have been made to prove this to have been a stone coffin, either of a monarch or animal god: attempts evidently unsatisfactory to the essayers themselves, and certainly so to all who have visited the spot. The most plausible evidence in favour of the latter hypothesis was the fact, that, on opening one of the pyramids, the bones of an ox were found in the marble *coffin*. This seemed to set the question at rest as to its use, even in spite of the extraordinary circumstance which would still remain to be accounted for, of the ox god, for whose reception this enormous structure was raised, being thus at last flung negligently and unembalmed into his splendid tomb. But unfortunately there was upon the wall a short *Arabic* inscription, to the effect that the Musulman conquerors of Egypt had opened and reclosed this pyramid: thus not only de-

priving the favourers of this opinion of their chief weapon, but absolutely turning it against them. Any one conversant with Mussulman history will remember the destruction of idols, and the desecration of their temples, as a leading feature in the character of their greatest conquerors. India has many a tale to tell in illustration of this fact. Upon this principle they probably troubled themselves to force an entrance into the pyramid, or possibly compelled some one to show it to them. Had they found an image, they would have destroyed it. They discovered nothing, in what was evidently the principal chamber of the ceremonies, save the marble vessel in question. What was to be done? The pyramid, they said, was a temple of the ox god Apis. What so fitting a desecration as to slaughter an ox in the holy place, and cast his remains into what they did not understand the purpose of, but which they might fairly conclude to be a vessel of mysterious and important use in his ceremonies? This is not mere unfounded conjecture; for it is a known fact, that such a mode of proceeding, with such a view, is in perfect consonance with the ideas of Mussulmen at this

very day. Thus when, not long ago, designing men of that persuasion sought to throw their brethren, who were in the ranks of our army in the East, into mutiny against our government, they secretly slaughtered a pig, and threw the carcass within the precincts of a mosque, endeavouring to throw the blame upon the Christians. This, then, would appear insufficient to account for the presence of this mysterious vessel. The explanation I would suggest, would, if it should be deemed correct, remove all difficulty; for how consistent and probable does all become, if we imagine the aspirant after the hidden knowledge, met at the entrance by the hierophants? They conduct him down the narrow, yet easily descended, passage, to which they draw his attention as a fitting type of human life. Its dark condition—its narrow limits—its never-failing end—“*facilis descensus Averni*”—he is, where he must one day be for ever, buried in the earth, cut off from the world he has left. From this depressed situation, they bid him look upwards. An arduous ascent is before him; but he beholds a ray of light. He may expect better things on reaching

the summit; but courage, fortitude, and perseverance, are necessary to the task. Step by step he mounts : a false movement would be destruction. He has gained the height. Amid the priests, with their blazing torches, he beholds the "laver of regeneration," filled with water, on the surface of which floats the lotus flower, the emblem of immortality. Here, while the assistants robe him in white garments, the officiating priest unfolds to him the leading doctrines to which allusion has been made; and, finally, explaining to him that, in order to arrive at, or qualify himself to enjoy, happiness after death, he must be born again — answers his "how can this be?" by administering to him the typical ceremony which was revealed contemporaneously with the doctrine; and plunging him into the sacred water, bids him remember that he is now "new born," and exhorts him, by corresponding newness of life, to prove himself a true "Neophyte," a new creature.

What I have said, though very far from duly developing or exhausting the subject, is sufficient for the illustration and explanation of the suggestion I have presumed to offer

regarding these mysterious structures. To do justice to the theme would require more learning, and that of a peculiar description, than can generally be accumulated by a layman, amid the various disturbances of a life of business. Great would be the service to religion, if some master mind, adequate to the task, and possessing the requisite leisure from other employments, should bring into one view the scattered evidences and curious coincidences which abound in the history of man, and satisfactorily show that man has never, properly speaking, invented a religion, though he may have depraved it, and that the most corrupted have their source from the truth, and contain some portions of it.

## CHAP. IX.

## CAIRO TO ATHENS.

VOYAGE DOWN THE NILE. MAHMOUDIEH CANAL. ALEXANDRIA. INTERVIEW WITH MEHEMET ALI. DEPARTURE, AND ARRIVAL AT SYRA. QUARANTINE. VOYAGE TO ATHENS. ARRIVAL.

TIME, who, I suppose, will at length eat the pyramids, though he has hitherto found them rather an indigestible morsel, kept, as usual, jogging on, and it was time for us to quit Egypt. This, however, was easier said than done. The Pacha was concentrating a large body of troops in Alexandria, and the boats were all engaged for the transport of men and stores down the river to that city. After we had, with some difficulty, procured one, and hoisted the English flag, we were mortified by having it seized for the public service in the name of a Bey, or, as we should say, Colonel, who was proceeding thither to join his regiment. The delay was but temporary; a bribe induced the great man's great man to

take another boat, and we were soon gliding down the Nile in ours as fast as ten rowers could propel us; having, by our pusillanimous recourse to a silver argument in the matter of the Bey and the boat, greatly lowered ourselves in the opinion of our heroic landlady; who, on the case being laid before her, exclaimed in a tone which spoke volumes as to the line of conduct she would have pursued, "What's a Bey I should like to know?" She would have fought for her boat against the Pacha himself. The boat used by passengers on the Nile much resembles the budgerow of Bengal, and the bunder boat of Bombay. There were four persons in the cabin of the one we travelled in; and its sofas, or benches, with cushions, accommodated us all very comfortably. Captain Ali, armed with the materials of a dinner, and all the means of cooking it, took up his quarters on the fore-castle.

To be upon the Nile is in itself interesting; sufficiently so to banish ennui. But in reality nothing can be less entertaining than a voyage down that river, from Cairo to Aftè, and thence through the Mahmoudieh canal to Alexandria. The banks, muddy, slimy, and

unwooded, are not high enough to 'be picturesque: yet they prevent any of the flat country from being seen. Neither are there any trees or buildings in their immediate vicinity; the river contains many small islands and banks, which call for the constant watchfulness of the boatmen. We left Boulac, which is the port of Cairo, at five o'clock one afternoon, and progressing all that night, and the following day, reached Aftè about 6 o'clock on the ensuing morning, thus occupying about thirty-six hours in the passage. At Aftè the Mahmoudieh canal branches off; and after engaging a track boat, and transshipping our luggage into it, we started at seven for Alexandria. This canal is a splendid work, much wider, deeper, and more river-looking, than the canals of England. In length it is upwards of forty miles; like those of the Nile, its banks are wholly uninteresting. Our boat was drawn by a horse, ridden by a man at a good trot; it was changed seven times on the road without any delay, so that we reached Alexandria before four o'clock.

At Alexandria: new buildings are rapidly springing up: the principal square, in which

are the consular establishments, merchants' offices, &c., has a very European look. In the way of antiquities there is very little to be seen, save the needles of Cleopatra, which are, indeed, objects of curiosity, as being cut out of a single stone, though I must confess I never could see any beauty in an obelisk: and Pompey's pillar, the shaft of which is handsome, but the base, paltry. Its name is apt to mislead. We do not hear of Pompey without thinking of the antagonist of Cæsar; but this pillar was erected by one Pompeianus, a pro-consul of Egypt, in honour of the Emperor Diocletian.

By far the greatest curiosity I beheld in Alexandria was its master, the Pacha, Mehemet Ali. Just at that moment circumstances had made him "the observed of all observers, one of the foremost men of all the world." He was then staying with his son-in-law, at a villa on the Nile, a short distance from Alexandria. We were introduced to him in a small summer house, which appeared not quite finished. A sentry lounging about the door constituted his guard: around the room ran the small bench-like sofa, or diwan, covered

with a most ordinary chintz; by his side stood his favourite and celebrated minister, Boghos Bey; and a single attendant, who also spoke French, and interpreted for him, was fanning, and keeping the flies from him. His dress, in keeping with the plainness of the apartment and its furniture, consisted of a brown cloth Turkish robe, a red cap, and a pair of slippers of the same colour: he wore no ornament of any kind. All the pomp and jewels of the East could not have made the scene so interesting; on the contrary, the slightest introduction of any of the usual externals of place and power, would have destroyed its whole effect.

He was very polite and courteous in exchanging the few words necessary to be spoken on such an occasion; ordered coffee to be brought, after partaking of which we took our leave: he rose and remained standing as we quitted the room. Not many hours afterwards we were steaming out of the harbour of Alexandria in the French steamer *Lycurgue*, bound for Marseilles, viâ Malta, but landing those who might prefer it at Syra, there to undergo quarantine. The French steamers, of which

I think there are about twelve plying in the Mediterranean, are exceedingly nice boats. The sleeping berths are clean, airy, and convenient beyond any thing I had ever seen, and the whole arrangements most conducive to the comfort of passengers. At a few hours' notice these vessels could be converted into a powerful steam flotilla. They are the property of a private company, who receive a large sum from the government on condition of carrying the mails, and being commanded by an officer of the French navy, who takes care that a certain armament, which is also stipulated for in the contract, is kept in a state of due efficiency: the crew alone would, in case of war, require to be put on board. By thus making themselves the means of intercourse, the French have certainly increased their influence in this part of the world, while a most useful class of vessels is maintained by the government, at a comparatively small expense.

The voyage from Alexandria to Syra, occupied us from nine o'clock on Wednesday morning, till eleven on Friday night. Of course we did not land till the following morning; when, after partaking of breakfast, we resigned

ourselves to the functionaries of the quarantine, entered their boat, and rowed ashore under the yellow flag. Quarantine is but a polite term for prison, which, call it what you will, is generally, I imagine, a disagreeable abode. In quarantine, too, the sufferer has not the consolation which must commonly be derived by the inhabitants of ordinary jails, from the conviction that divers good reasons exist for their being there detained; while here, he is tormented with the reflection that more than half of those competent to form any opinion at all upon the subject, are strenuous in asserting, that there is not the slightest cause for his being there at all. Science and experience are, however, making such rapid clearance of all useless clogs upon the commerce of the world, and the intercourse of nations, that it is not possible that quarantine should much longer go "unreformed;" already have several attacks been made upon the antiquated system, which have shaken its credit; more are threatened; and I am sure every one, who has felt the annoyance of its superfluous and unnecessary precautions, will join me in wishing them success. Quarantine,

unpleasant any where, is not, I believe, unusually so at Syra. Indeed, it has one advantage which some of these establishments do not afford,—the possibility of reducing the period of incarceration to nine days by performing “spoglio.” It is not usual for travellers from India to perform quarantine at Syra, they generally go on to Malta. Our essay was a complete experiment, regarding which we could obtain but little information beforehand. I shall therefore detail its results more minutely than I should otherwise do, as the information may be highly useful to any traveller, who, having strayed into the regions of the plague, is desirous of being again made free of Europe, in the shortest time, and by the least inconvenient method. The period allotted for quarantine at Syra, provided you arrive free from suspicion, in a vessel with a clean bill of health, and are willing to perform spoglio, is nine days, the day of entrance and exit included, however late you may enter, or however early you may take your departure; so that, in effect, the actual imprisonment may not be more, with good management, than seven full days; for I cannot imagine any one

not performing spoglio, and remaining in consequence for twenty-one days. In order to perform spoglio, it is necessary to send, three weeks beforehand, to Syra a change of clothes, so that on arrival they may be clean; or it would be easy to send a parcel from England, addressed to the British Consul at Syra, to wait the arrival of Mr. ———. On entering the quarantine, and giving notice that you are willing to undergo spoglio, a warm bath is prepared, on your going into which, every article of clothing, and indeed every thing you have about you, except metals, are taken from you, and placed in a fumigating-room, with all the baggage you may have brought in with you; the clean clothes are then given you to dress in, and the ceremony is complete: on the following day your baggage will be restored to you well smoked. We, unfortunately, had not taken the precaution of having clean clothes in readiness, and were therefore obliged to wrap ourselves up, after our bath, in the sheets and counterpane, which are furnished at the establishment, and which our Indian experience enabled us to twist and

arrange into a somewhat singular, though not ungraceful, garb.

During the time which must elapse previously to your liberation, be careful to touch no living being. An accidental jostle against an individual having a longer period of quarantine to undergo, would reduce you to his quarantine, and render useless all your acquired purity. Be cautious, therefore, in walking in the yard allotted as a space of exercise; or rather taking with you, as a witness of your movements, your "Guardian," one of whom is deputed to watch each individual; seat yourself on the rock outside the wall of the prison-house, and there, gazing on the Cyclades, indulge, if you can, in poetic dreams; or, if they will not come at your bidding, have recourse to the less intellectual amusement of disturbing the calm bosom of the Mediterranean, by trying your skill in making "ducks and drakes."

The monotony of a sea voyage is alleviated by looking forward to dinner. To the victim of quarantine even that prospect offers no ground of pleasurable anticipation. Nothing could be worse supplied, and worse managed, than the

cuisine of the quarantine at Syra: broth, or rather salt water, with vermicelli, figured in the carte as "soupa me pasta;" a miserable hunch of scorched animal fibre was dignified by the appellation of "arnee pseeto" (roast lamb), and rice soaked in rancid butter, and flavoured with a few strong spices, concluded the usual dinner under the title of pilaf. A pathetic remonstrance, indeed, succeeded in procuring the addition of a few bean pods, or some such vegetable, stewed, which the restaurateur, who has the monopoly of the quarantine, termed "entraddon;" though I am convinced Eustache Ude would go to the stake sooner than admit its pretensions to the title of entremets.

"At last men came to set me free."

I certainly did not, as the prisoner of Chillon,

"Regain my freedom with a sigh."

At eight in the morning I was liberated, and at ten I was in a small open boat, steering for Athens, in company with an American gentleman, who had also been performing

quarantine; and who, like myself, was full of ardour to reach the "city of Minerva." Had we not had recourse to this somewhat dangerous mode of getting there, we must have waited in the miserable dirty town of Syra for a week, and then progressed in the Austrian steamer; which, though it would have touched at Athens, would have allowed but a few hours for the inspection of its wonders.

The day was lovely, and our course amid the islands famed in story, reposing as it were on the blue, calm waters, and gilded by their eternal summer, was charming both in its reality and in its associations. Each island, as the steersman named it, was greeted as though it were an old acquaintance; it was like being introduced to one, with whom, though you have never seen him, you have corresponded and become intimate: with the sun, however, sunk my romance. Night fell as we shut out Thermia and rounded Zea; the breeze freshened, and the waves, agitated by it, seemed growing to a size dangerous to our little bark: moreover, it was cold; so wrapping myself up, I composed myself to all the rest that could be obtained on a bench four

feet long, and twelve inches wide. Our steersman, perceiving I was not warm enough to be comfortable, flung over me his "shaggy capote," and I awoke not till about six o'clock on the following morning, when I found myself at the entrance of the Piræus. "Athens! Athens!" said the boatman in a transport of patriotism; nor were my emotions inferior to his. Athens is my country, every one's country—one of those eternal cities, which are the common property of the human mind. If the air of the Roman Forum can be said yet "to breathe and burn with Cicero," the Piræus may well be looked upon as hallowed by the recollections of Themistocles: one acquainted with his history is at no loss to account for the hero-worship of antiquity, as he sails by the altar-looking tomb of the patriot, warrior, and statesman, and, entering the harbour, finds himself amidst the immortal works by which his genius guarded the liberties of his beloved, although ungrateful, Athens.

The presence of two Russian and one French ship of war, together with several steamers in the harbour, was, however, a very

sufficient antidote against any excessive classic rapture: had they not proved so, the cure would have been effected by the first object that presented itself as I stepped upon the consecrated ground—oh Homer! oh Pindar!—a hackney-coach stand! It was too much: had the jarvey who accosted me demanded three bobs and a tissy instead of four drachmas, as his fare, I should not have been more horrified. I had nothing for it but to ensconce myself in one of the leathern conveniences, and endeavour, as we jogged along towards Athens, to convert, by the fairy power of imagination, the commonplace vehicle into an ancient chariot: an ancient chariot in one sense it certainly was; but I cannot disguise from myself the unromantic fact that I first beheld the Acropolis from the window of a hackney-coach!

## CHAP. X.

## ANCIENT ATHENS.

THEATRES. ARCH OF ADRIAN. OLYMPEION. ILISSUS. STADIUM. PNYX. PRISON OF SOCRATES. TEMPLE OF THESEUS. AREOPAGUS. ST. PAUL'S SPEECH. THE ACROPOLIS. PROPYLEÆ. PARTHENON. ERECTHEION. MARKET PLACE. TEMPLE OF EOLUS.

HAVING established myself at the Hotel de Londres, tenu par M. Bruno, in the Rue Calamioti, I lost no time in walking to the classic ground. Many a traveller would inflict upon his reader the date, time, and all particulars of every step taken in and about the city during his residence there; others, again, might, as I am almost inclined to do, say not a word on subjects and of names familiar as household words to the generality of readers; still, as I felt I should never be tired of seeing, so there may be some never weary of hearing of the Acropolis, the Parthenon, &c. I shall therefore make a compromise between the two methods, and attempt a sort of catalogue raisonnée of the principal objects

of antique interest now to be seen in Athens, which may, perhaps, be useful in directing the steps, or economising the hours of some time-restricted visitor of the same scenes. Where novelty of information or originality of matter cannot be expected, it may still be interesting to go over the old ground in new company, to compare the ideas and impressions of one's own mind with those produced in another by similar causes—a pursuit in which few can fail to derive some pleasure, either from the assent of sympathy or the excitement of difference.

Having thus talked myself into a belief that I am right in dragging my friends along with me, I shall proceed with my walk through Athens.

That rock which towers above the city, as though proud to display the beautiful fabrics which adorn it, is the Acropolis: we are now upon its southern side, and will make a little detour, inspecting the various objects which lie in our way, as we gradually pass round to its western face, on which alone it is accessible. But first let us notice those ruins which cover its base on this side, and seem to indicate

buildings which extended up its sloping sides till they became too perpendicular for their continuation. They are all that remains of the magnificent Theatre of Bacchus, and the Odeon of Herodes Atticus.

The Theatre of Bacchus, so called from that cavern or grotto in the rock immediately above it, which was dedicated to that god, was to the right, on the south-eastern shoulder of the rock: of its ancient splendour there remains nought save the traces, and it requires the patient eye of the antiquary to verify the accounts of those who beheld and described it in the day of its beauty, to explore the indications of a diameter of four hundred and eighty feet, and rebuild in his imagination the arched porticoes and galleries capable of accommodating thirty thousand people. Those two elegant but solitary pillars perhaps mark the place of the chorus on the stage; or they may have supported a votive tripod, gratefully dedicated to Bacchus by some victor under his auspices, in the theatre which bore his name. This theatre was connected with the Odeon of Herodes Atticus, by that line of arcades on arches—a road from one pleasure to another—

now silent, lonely, and in ruins! One can hardly imagine it crowded with the grave and gay of Athens—the Stoic, the Epicurean, the philosopher, and the idler; who, having shuddered in the theatre of Bacchus over the Eumenides of Æschylus, poured through it into the Odeon, to laugh at the Nubes of Aristophanes. Smaller than the theatre of Bacchus, the decorations and finish of the Odeon were probably more elaborate and elegant: its roof of cedar covered a space two hundred and sixty feet in diameter, and sheltered ten thousand spectators; who, when their attention was not demanded by the proceedings of the stage, could please themselves by gazing through the arches of the galleries, which rose tier above tier, at the beauties of nature, and the works of art spread out before them, while those in the topmost ranges could discern the sea, a sight which appears to have been as gratifying to an Athenian as it is to an Englishman.

Upon these remains and on the Acropolis we must turn our backs for a while; we are about to pass under the “triumphal arch of Adrian,” the ancient entrance to the quarter

of the city restored and beautified by that Emperor, and called, in consequence, Adrianopolis: there is an inscription on the entablature over the arch,

“What thou seest is Athens, the chief city of Theseus.”

And on the opposite side another,

“What thou seest is the city of Adrian, and not of Theseus.”

It has been remarked that in order to read the inscription which informs you that the object *in sight* is the city of Theseus, you must turn your back upon the Acropolis and be looking at Adrianopolis; while to read that which tells you, you are beholding Adrianopolis, you must be turned towards the “city of Theseus.” The inaccuracy, if it be one, explains itself; and we must supply in each the words “on this side the arch:” such, surely, must have been the intention of the inscribers, and I cannot think the position of the respective inscriptions unnatural. But we are approaching the wonder of the world; the pride of architecture, the temple of Olympian Jupiter: sixteen Corinthian columns, six feet and a half in

diameter, and sixty in height, alone remain; thirteen together, in their proper places; the three others at some distance, which serve as an aid to the imagination in realising to itself the large space once covered with similar pillars, supposed to be no less than 354 feet in length, and 171 in breadth. The Olympeion was designed and commenced by Pisistratus, about five hundred and thirty years before Christ: the work was suspended by his death; and although Perseus, king of Macedon, made some ineffectual efforts for its completion, little progress was made till three hundred and fifty-six years after the death of its founder, when the Roman architect Cossutius, under the auspices of Antiochus Epiphanes, king of Syria, perfected, amplified, and strove to accomplish the magnificent design. The death of Antiochus again stopped the erection: Sylla pillaged it; Augustus and an association of kings laboured to finish it: but it was Adrian who at length completed, and solemnly dedicated it to Olympian Jupiter, six hundred and seventy years after the foundations had been laid by Pisistratus. Such is the account furnished to us by

Pausanias and other writers, though it may be doubted whether the whole of the one hundred and twenty-four of these wondrous columns which would be required to complete the design were ever erected: be that as it may, we have only to admire those which remain. I cannot analyse or appreciate the combination of parts and proportions which produce the beautiful result, but I know that when gazing on those columns, I experienced a sensation as new to me as the sight—a sensation which I cannot describe otherwise than by saying that ideas of music were blended with it in some way, which was a mystery even to myself: it seemed as though

“ Out of the earth a fabric huge  
Rose like an exhalation, with the sound  
Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet,  
Built like a temple, where pilasters round  
Were set, and Doric pillars overlaid  
With golden architrave.”

The history of its demolition is covered with as much doubt as its erection: it is known, however, that the hand of Alaric was among its destroyers. But we must on. This little streamlet with scarcely strength to main-

tain its course, can it ever have needed the three arches of that ruined bridge to span its current? Yes, insignificant as it now appears, it is "*fabulosus amnis, a storied river*;" let us pause ere we step across, and gather up a handful of its waters in order that we may say we have drunk of the Ilissus. Its actual beauty appears to have departed with its ideal sanctity; the woods which once adorned its banks, and the Muses to whom they were sacred, have alike disappeared and passed away. The very site of the Eleusinion is a subject of learned doubt; and we only know that it was near the Ilissus, because it was "in the waters of the Ilissus that they finished the purification of those initiated into the mysteries."

We cross it and are in the Stadium — scene of so many contests, no traces of which now remain, unless indeed the careful or imaginative eye of some Jonathan Oldbuck can discover the marks of the chariot wheels, which are said to be still visible on the rock. The arena measuring about 780 feet long, by an average of 150 broad, is still clearly distinguishable; but the marble steps and seats with which the munificence of Herodes Atticus adorned it are

gone, and it is now desolate as it probably was two and twenty centuries ago, when Lycurgus the orator first adapted and devoted it to the amusements of the public. Having continued our walk along the banks of the Ilissus till we have passed — pausing for a minute — the site of the Lyceum, we will draw a little nearer to our central point, the Acropolis; there are yet, however, some objects of interest to be surveyed ere we ascend it. The rock on which we now stand, separated by a small valley from the base of that on which the citadel is placed, is the “Pnyx;” that projecting fragment roughly hewn into the form of a square block, with a few steps on either side leading to its summit, is the rostrum, pulpit, or platform, from which was poured forth the eloquence of Demosthenes. Dull must he be, whose pulse as he mounts those steps keeps its usual beat — dull his imagination if he do not picture to himself the impassioned gesture, the outstretched arm, the kindling eye, the deep and melodious tones of the mighty orator, as the words of power rolled over the listening and silent multitude beneath him, to sink and die away at the foot of the opposite rock.

We have now gained the western face of the Acropolis. At a short distance from the Pnyx, cut like it out of the living rock, is the prison in which the condemned criminals passed the interval between their sentence and its execution : hundreds might, hundreds probably have there felt the bitterness of death, yet we should pass the spot unheeding and unmoved, had not Socrates been among the number. Here, in this caverned cell, died the martyr of right reason — he who first, uninspired, taught that man owed “ a duty towards God, and a duty towards man.” Yet who can say whence came that partial light that guided and illumined his life, or that support which made him triumph over death, and rendered his last hours almost like those of a Christian? One cannot think of Socrates without wishing that he had lived four centuries later : imagine him listening to the Sermon on the Mount, what a Christian he would have made!

We now approach the Temple of Theseus, one of the most perfect remains of antiquity, erected thirty years prior to the Parthenon, and about four hundred and sixty-five before

Christ, 73 feet long by 26 broad, surrounded by a peristyle, having six columns in each facade, and thirteen at the sides, where the breadth of the peristyle is six feet; the distance between the columns is five feet four inches and a half, their diameter three feet and four inches, and their height nineteen. The bas-reliefs and other ornaments, many of which are now destroyed, and all much mutilated, represented different passages in the life of Theseus, as a fitting receptacle for whose bones the Athenians constructed this temple eight hundred years after his death, their gratitude and veneration for him having been revived by his armed shade appearing as their auxiliary on the day of Marathon.

One spot, one holy spot, we have yet to visit, ere mounting to the Acropolis: that rocky hillock, at the foot of the road leading up to the citadel, a fragment detached from the main rock by some ancient earthquake, is the Areopagus.

Had St. Paul never "stood in the midst of it," it would have demanded our attention as the chief seat of Grecian justice; as it is, all other claims to notice are merged in the great

event which has hallowed it; and the sanctity of the atmosphere breathes only of St. Paul. If we regard his celebrated oration merely in its character of a masterpiece of eloquence, we must stand upon this spot fully to appreciate it: description must fail to make us feel how much of its propriety and force are derived from the scene of its delivery. It is as a picture intended by some great artist for a particular portion or compartment of a building; beautiful anywhere, it is doubly so in the situation for which it was designed. The oration is, professedly, a burst of feeling called forth by temporary and local circumstances. The ground on which he stood was sacred to the god of war: on the rock immediately above him was the Parthenon, most elegant of temples; on the other hand, the magnificent "Theseion:" this neighbouring hill was sacred to Jupiter—that to the Muses; while between them, and around in every direction, smaller temples, altars, statues, whose places know them no longer, arose in multitude and beauty around him—the smoke of misdirected sacrifice went up on every side.

From the very magnitude of the error he

catches a hope of its reformation : in a masterly manner, passing by the effect, he lays hold on, and strives to bend to his purpose, the cause — Religion : upon this feeling, in the abstract, he may compliment his audience, and, by alluding to it, propitiate them. He begins, therefore, “ Men of Athens, I perceive that ye are in all respects very religious ;” our translation destroys the force of this conciliating exordium, and puts an irritating and sweeping censure into the mouth of the orator, which the whole drift of the oration shows that he could not have uttered. Here we may suppose a glance at the “ prison of Socrates,” to remind him that he is answering before the same court, to the same indictment, as that philosopher — “ a setting forth of strange gods ;” there is the same prison, perhaps, awaiting him—he fears not the same fate : but he will not in the opening of his speech give pretext for brutal or fanatic uproar to drown his voice, by pleading guilty to the charge ; and he continues :—“ The same God whom ye worship, (confessedly not comprehending him,) Him declare I unto you.” How startling must have been the next sentence,

“ This God dwelleth not in temples made with hands.” Such words strike upon our ear as a simple announcement of an undoubted fact; but how must they have astounded the audience to which they were originally addressed! What a spot to utter them on! Admit their truth, and all the splendid edifices around, the pride of their fathers, of themselves, of the world, sink into comparative nothingness—merely useless buildings—monuments of mistaken zeal and of wasted labour: mark the darkening brows of yonder knot of priests, as they exchange their looks of anger and disapprobation, and draw together to counsel “ how this babbler may be stopped.” Will he dare to proceed?—Dare! he has overthrown the altar—he will banish the priests! This God “ is not worshipped with men’s hands, neither hath need of any thing.” They have not recovered the shock of his audacity, ere the next bolt demolishes the dearly-cherished legend which attributed to the Athenians a special origin, as a race distinct from, and superior to, the rest of mankind—“ He hath made of one blood all nations of men.” Having thus deprived them of their favourite conceit, he hastens to furnish

them with a nobler origin, a truer source of pride—they are “the offspring of God”—and illustrates his doctrine by a soothing reference to their own authors; an idea, perhaps, suggested to him at the moment, by the Pnyx immediately before him, which could not fail to beget such recollections in his classic mind; and with them must have come a proud consciousness that he was devoting as great talents and as much eloquence as ever were exerted in that rostrum, to a far nobler cause.

But we are lingering too long—let us ascend the Acropolis. This celebrated rock has, they say, been somewhat altered in shape, and diminished in size, by earthquakes. The table ground at the top is now about 950 feet long, and 430 broad: first fortified by the Pelasgi, the encircling walls have undergone alterations various as the masters in whose hands the citadel of Athens has since been; distinguishable perhaps to the scrutinising eye of the professed antiquary, but uninteresting to general visitors, whose attention is, and ought to be, concentrated upon those objects of universal interest which that small spot contains—objects which once seen and felt

leave an impression upon the mind, which, like themselves, may defy time. These are the Propylæa, Temple of Wingless Victory, the Parthenon, the Erectheion. Grandeur and more magnificent in ruins than the uninjured works of modern art, the Propylæa form a worthy entrance to this citadel of art and beauty; erected two thousand two hundred and eighty years ago, they would, but for the ravages of man, have been perfect as when first constructed: five years of labour and a sum equal to nearly four hundred thousand pounds of our money were expended upon them by the patriotic piety of the Athenians. The men who could devise and execute such a work must have been richly repaid by the result. How must the heart of the humblest Athenian have swelled within him, when, after ascending those magnificent steps, he stood beneath that majestic portico, with its exquisitely symmetrical columns of the white marble of Pentelicus! After gazing for a moment on their often-seen though never satiating beauties, his eye would glance from among them, and rest upon the "Gulf and Rock of Salamis," from whence we may sup-

pose it returning to dwell with 'justifiable pride on the lovely temple to his left, that of Wingless Victory — of Victory unable to fly from the hill of Athens; or on the building to his right, the gallery where the state preserved the pictures of her heroes and their deeds. Such prospect spreads before his Western gaze. He turns to the East—he no longer beholds the scene of his country's maritime glory, but a long and beautiful vista is terminated by the mountains of Hymettus and Pentelicus; they, indeed, limit his corporeal vision, but he knows, he feels what is beyond them—those distant clouds are brooding over Marathon! This can hardly be termed imaginative, for it must often have actually occurred; and I would remark that from aptness of situation scarcely less than from their intrinsic merit did many of the most celebrated works of ancient art originally derive, and to it do they still owe, half their power to charm: this important fact seems frequently overlooked in modern estimations of propriety and effect. The man who places the design of Mnesicles in a situation for which that architect would never have proposed it, is surprised to find that his

work is not greeted with the acclamations bestowed on the original. Thus the Caryatides look as if they had lost themselves when summoned from the Erectheion in the Acropolis at Athens, to adorn a Christian temple in the metropolis of England; and how unheedingly do we pass by beauties to which no combining and assisting sentiment invites our notice. Many a man has passed without a glance the Propylæa in Euston Square, who would gaze on them with admiration were it possible to place them on some commanding eminence, from whence a Briton could at once survey the waters of Trafalgar and the plains of Waterloo.

I am so ignorant of the technical language of architecture, that I cannot hope to convey by description any accurate idea of the Propylæa. I may say, however, that the portico which forms the entrance to the Acropolis is thrown back between two projecting wings, one of which, that on the left, is the Pinacothete, or picture gallery; that on the right, the Temple of Wingless Victory. Between these a noble flight of steps, now almost entirely ruined, led up to the portico, the façade of

which, seventy-seven feet in length, was supported by six columns of five feet four inches and a half in diameter, and twenty-eight feet in height. On a transversal wall, having in it five doors, reposed the long blocks of marble which composed the roof. The same wall served for a like purpose on the opposite or eastern side, on which was a similar portico looking towards the Parthenon and Erectheion; which two temples, being judiciously placed a little to the right and left respectively, leave open the prospect to which I have alluded. To examine in detail the beauties of the Parthenon would occupy more time than we have to spare. We must be content with a superficial view, such as may serve to impress its general features on our minds. Of similar form and construction, but greatly larger, than the Temple of Theseus, this well-chosen abode for the virgin patroness of the city is situated on the highest part of the Acropolis, a terrace or platform of marble having been constructed for its foundation. On it are placed the columns of the peristyle, fifteen on each side, exclusive of those at the angles, with a double row at each façade, eight in the first line, and

six in the second; their diameter being six feet two inches, and their height thirteen feet, exclusive of the capital, which is three; the whole occupying a space two hundred and twenty-eight feet long, by one hundred and two broad. The interior, or actual temple, towards which all these columns have an imperceptible inclination, is one hundred and fifty-five feet long, by sixty-five broad. Anciently covered within and without with paintings and sculptures descriptive of the mythology or history of Athens, this noble pile must have been as a volume, legible to every citizen, from which youth might gain instruction, and age derive pleasure.

Of these sculptured records some have been defaced by time, some mutilated by fanatic zeal, some injured by the violence of war, some wrenched from their places, have been carried into other countries. Many of our countrymen at a distance from the scene, scarcely appreciating the actual devastation committed, have succeeded in softening down and palliating to their own minds, the act which placed the Elgin marbles in the British Museum; but I doubt the possibility of an English-

man standing in front of the Parthenon, and saying with sincerity that he does not condemn and wish undone the deed that made "Albion happy in Athena's tears." I confess I felt ashamed of it, when in company with an American and a Greek I first visited the Acropolis. The most plausible excuse given for their removal is, that it saved them from destruction by the Turks. Now, setting aside the question whether the Turks, having spared them so long, would at that particular time have destroyed them, we must confess the invalidity of the pretext, unless it be held lawful to rob whoever we may choose to suppose in danger of being robbed by others; or at least no such proceeding could be justified, save by a sincere intention and purpose on the part of the anticipating pillager, to restore the property when the danger which he observed threatening it, should have passed away. Such intentions we should probably have professed at the time. Such a state of things has now arrived. Greece is "living Greece" once more, and is striving, to the utmost extent of her limited power and means, to renovate the glorious monuments of her former life. She is

clearing away the rubbish in which her treasures have been buried; those which she finds, she is repairing and restoring, but some are gone. She knows in whose hands they are, and would ask for them. If we do not replace them we act as an individual who, having taken part of his neighbour's property into his house to preserve it during a conflagration, should refuse to return it, when the flames were extinguished, and he stood most in need of it.

Not to dwell on a subject on which there may be two opinions, let us pass on to the Erectheion. This building, situated a little to the north of the Parthenon, is probably the most ancient in Athens, "the house of Erectheus," to which Homer alludes. Upon the death of that monarch, it appears to have been consecrated to religious purposes, and divided into three parts,—one regarded as sacred to Erectheus himself, another to Minerva, the third to Pandrosos, daughter of Cecrops, the friend and confidant of the goddess. There is much doubt whether the moderns are correct in the parts they allot to each of these three persons. The chance of war has greatly damaged the build-

ing, especially on its northern side: on the south is the portico of the Caryatides, the roof of which is supported by colossal female figures, one of which is now in the British Museum. On the north is another portico, sustained by six columns, of the mixed Doric and Ionic style: the portico especially sacred to Erectheus, has a similar number of Ionic columns, two feet in diameter and twenty-four high.

We now take leave of the Acropolis: turning to the right in our descent, we shall leave the Areopagus on our left, and passing through the ancient market place, and by the Tower of the Winds, or Temple of Æolus, regain our hotel in the modern city. On our way we may notice the grotto of Pan, a cavern in the side of the rock, dedicated to that deity, whose worship was introduced at Athens after the battle of Marathôn, in consequence of his having appeared, like Theseus, on the side of the Greeks, smiting the Persians with that contagious species of irresistible fear, which has since been termed a panic. The site of the ancient market is now filled with various buildings, mosques, and churches. The remains of a large gate, or entrance, the architrave of

which is supported by four Doric columns, of the enormous diameter of six feet and four inches, has been called "the Market Gate," and a stone pillar erected near it, covered with an inscription, has been conveniently assumed to be a tariff of the Emperor Adrian. Later researches have, however, satisfactorily established the former to be all that remains of a temple dedicated to "Minerva Archigētis, there erected by the Athenians with gifts made them by Julius Cæsar;" and the latter to be a decree of Adrian, regarding the appropriation and disposal of certain confiscated lands. The Temple of Æolus is a small building, of an octagon shape, each façade presenting a front of ten feet, and being adorned with a figure of the wind of that quarter. In this temple was the "water clock," supplied by an aqueduct, the remains of which are still discernible; supposed to have been constructed about 159 B. C., or about the same time that Pliny tells us Scipio Nasica erected his water clock at Rome.

I have thus endeavoured to convey some idea of the rich treat afforded by a single walk through Athens. I have mentioned only the more prominent objects of interest, and even

in speaking of them have sought to avoid minute detail. Perchance these few pages, though insufficient to satisfy curiosity, may have power to awaken or excite it, and induce some master of his own time, at a loss in what direction to make his next tour, to decide upon a pilgrimage to the "ancient of days, august Athena."

## CHAP. XI.

## MODERN ATHENS.

BUILDINGS OF MODERN CITY.—NEW PALACE.—KING OTHO.—  
CAUSES OF HIS UNPOPULARITY.—LITERATURE.—AMERICAN  
MISSIONARIES.—GREEK CLERGY.—PRONUNCIATION.—GREEK  
BARBER.—RIDE TO MARATHON.—OUR GUIDE.—MARATHON.  
—DEPARTURE FROM ATHENS.

THE buildings of the modern city of Athens are chiefly situated on the northern side of the Acropolis, and beneath them, alas! lie buried the ruins of their predecessors; rubbish, accumulating for ages, having so changed and raised the surface of the ground, that in digging foundations for new edifices the excavators have to pass through the remains of the old. By this process, some very valuable specimens of ancient art have been restored to light; and so numerous are the blocks of marble and fragments of buildings, which are sure to be found on such an occasion, that the builder speculates on the supply as no inconsiderable contribution to his work. So sensible were

some zealous antiquaries of the sacrifice made in thus sealing up this immense repository, by placing a new city upon it, that they were anxious that the site should be varied, and the old city quarried out, so as at once to furnish material for the new, and bring forth its hidden treasures. Whether the idea was ever seriously canvassed I know not, at all events, it was not acted upon; and for the last few years new houses have been unceasingly springing up, the old Turkish ones disappearing, and Athens assuming the appearance of an European provincial town. The government has, I think, done wisely in reserving to itself a control over the style of the new buildings. A citizen of Athens is not permitted to disregard the beauty and uniformity of the town, or outrage the taste of the inhabitants. In some government office are deposited various plans of houses of all sorts and sizes: to this office intending builders must repair. "I wish to spend twenty thousand drachmas in the erection of a house," says one. "Very well, Sir, here is your plan."—"I can only afford half that amount," says another. "Very well, Sir, here is your plan." This of course would

not do for John Bull. Far be it from me to say that he ought not to have a perfect right to erect for himself a mansion as ugly as he pleases, or as he can devise; but among a more tractable race, we can hardly blame a regulation which, while it does not compel a man to purchase one single brick more than he wishes, insists upon his placing those he does buy, in some shape which shall not furnish a practical commentary on the bad taste of his country. Talking of houses, his Majesty of Greece has built, or I may I believe say, is still building for himself, a most unconscionably large one. The quarries of Pentelicus must think old times have come back again, and that another Parthenon is in course of erection. The large quadrangular edifice of white marble, called the "New Palace," would accommodate all the princes in the Homeric catalogue, being, I should say, considerably larger than Buckingham Palace, and withal somewhat more elegant. This palace is decidedly one of King Otho's blunders: a far less expensive building would have amply sufficed; and it is curious how much ill-feeling has been produced by this injudicious waste of the public money. This, however, is

not the only mistake which has been made by the present sovereign of Greece. His whole reign has been a period of bitter disappointment to the men who fought so bravely for their independence. An independence, in one sense, indeed, they have gained—a nominal and national one. Their internal liberation has yet to be effected; and it requires little political sagacity to see that the spirit which extorted an admission of its national right from Europe, will not long rest content without real, domestic, constitutional freedom. Otho was accepted by the Greeks as their despotic monarch, only till such time as a constitutional charter could be framed. They trusted him, and he has deceived them. He is still an arbitrary, unrestrained ruler, and they still demand the promised Charter. Such treatment the Greeks might, perhaps, endure from one who was a Greek in heart, and who would flatter their national vanity, by striving to elevate their country; but King Otho has been content to remain the military governor of a Bavarian province, instead of assuming the character of an independent king of a free people.

Never had man an opportunity of pur-

chasing for himself enthusiastic love on such easy terms, and never did man more wantonly reject it: the King of Greece will not even condescend to seem a Greek. "He is ignorant," as one of his subjects observed to me, "not only of our ancient history, but of the events and progress of the very struggle which placed him on the throne." His queen is as popular as he is otherwise: perhaps some part of this favour may be owing to what, were her husband more beloved, would scarcely be a cause of their affections — she has no children. In this the Greeks see a hope of quietly getting rid of a dynasty they do not love. Under such a regime, the press is of course most strictly watched; the utmost vigilance is, however, ineffectual to the total suppression of public feeling through this channel. I have now before me an instance in "The Wanderer," a sort of Greek Childe Harold, the popularity of which is, perhaps, owing more to the vehement tirades which it contains against the Bavarians than to its own intrinsic merits. According to the modern pronunciation, Bavarians and Barbarians sound alike, or so nearly so, as to afford scope for a very

fair inuendo. The author, however, by no means limits himself to such ambushed attacks: the Bavarians "are a cloud of insatiate harpies who have alighted upon Hellas;" while a fever, which fatally affected a large number of the foreign troops, is produced "by a pestilential breath purposely emitted by the indignant soil, for the destruction of the hated race who have polluted her surface." This poem is by Alexander Soutzou, the most popular, and perhaps the best, Greek writer of the present day. He was nominated professor of Belles Lettres in the University of Athens, but his patriotism got the better of his discretion, and his anti-Bavarian invectives of course unchained him. The counters of the publishers presented a tolerable sprinkling of new publications, many of them apparently very trashy and in bad taste; those on religious subjects, in particular, being such as might be expected from the corrupt state of religion, and the lamentable ignorance of the clergy. I was glad, however, to observe, among the crowd of moderns, some old friends who had come to life again in their native city; so that it is no longer difficult, "in the country of Plato and Demosthenes, to find a reader, or

a copy of their works." From the respect entertained for these ancient models, may be drawn the fairest hopes of a renovation of Grecian taste: access to them, and communication with the rest of Europe, will have its slow, but gradual and sure effect; and is it not gratifying to think that we, the literary children of Greece, are able, like the Grecian daughter, to nourish our parent in her second childhood, with the vital stream derived from her own veins? Nor to Europe alone is Greece indebted for aid in her hour of need. A land unknown in her age of glory, a land which has sprung into existence, while she lay buried in the tomb, is among the foremost in its contributions:—the missionaries of America are the most active, most zealous, and most judicious instructors of the youth of Athens; and a sight more interesting of its kind is perhaps rarely met with, than their school, in which upwards of 700 children are receiving, at their hands, the elements of a sound and useful education. I apply the epithet "judicious" to their mode of procedure, more especially with reference to religion. Such instruction forms a prominent part of their system; and that, too, with the

concurrence of the priests, because it is confined, as regards doctrines, to those essential points on which the churches agree; and the teachers are, I think, wisely content to submit to a limitation, which leaves open to them all the leading articles of the Christian faith, and the wide range of its all-pervading morality. The lower orders of the Greek clergy are, I am given to understand, as ignorant and superstitious as their flocks, nor did I see any thing which could lead me to suppose this character unjustly bestowed upon them. I never witnessed so degrading an exhibition as the performance of service in the church of Saint Irene: crossing themselves and kissing pictures, which were presented to them for that purpose, appeared to be the sole occupation of the congregation.

One cannot leave the subject of Grecian literature without a word on the pronunciation dispute. I must confess I am entirely on the side of the Greeks. Is it possible that they who have preserved their language in such purity amid so many revolutions, who have retained in such perfection the "accent," the use, I mean the utility, of which is wholly un-

known in our schools, should have entirely lost the true and ancient pronunciation? I do not pretend to be able to sum up the arguments on either side, but I cannot resist relating an anecdote illustrative of the indecisive nature of, at least one, that is constantly employed. I had often heard the word "polufloisboio" adduced as an instance of "sound echoing to the sense," and thereby furnishing a presumptive argument in favour of the sound being the true one. It is supposed to convey the idea of the hoarse and majestic roar of the loud surge as it thunders upon the coast. I was much amused, therefore, to hear an eminent Greek scholar, with whom I had the good fortune to be imprisoned in the quarantine at Syra, say, as we were together watching the little ripples, as they just kissed with a hissing murmur the rock on which we stood, "I wonder how any one who hears that sound can doubt we are right in saying polifleēsveēo; every wave says fleēsveēo." I laughed, and alluded to the use made of the same word by the holders of the contrary opinions. "Oh," he rejoined, "that can scarcely be; Homer never heard or saw such a sea as you are

describing: his ideas were all taken from the Mediterranean, the voice of which is almost ever as we now hear it."

Leaving this "bone to be picked" by the learned, I return to the streets of Athens.

In Athens, the style of living, the hotels, the cafés, the restaurants, the habits, the cookery, are all frenchified; the shops are supplied with French articles, and French is the language in which all intercourse with foreigners is carried on.

I found out, however, a genuine Greek barber, into whose shop I forthwith marched, and seated myself among the "fair-haired Achaians," who, on benches round the apartment, were awaiting in due order the leisure of the chief operator and his assistants. The shaving was performed in the true, old, and only really comfortable mode; a basin of warm water being held under the chin, in which the barber dipping his hand, well rubs in the lather without the aid of a brush, thereby softening the bristle, so as greatly to facilitate the operation both to the shaver and shaved. As I sat expecting my turn, my curiosity amused itself in speculating as to

what could be the possible use of several little cranes, which, turning on hinges fixed in the wall, could either be folded back against it, or swung round so as to protrude over the heads of those who might be seated on the bench beneath. I had begun to despair of guessing, when a Grecian exquisite solved the difficulty by seating himself under one of these puzzling machines, and commenced unbinding his flowing locks. A boy held a basin, over which my friend bent his head, and the barber having swung round the crane, hooked on to it an urn-shaped pewter vessel, filled with warm water, which he allowed to flow from a small tap; and taking into his hand some fragrantly scented soft kind of soap, commenced a process of head washing, which I felt convinced must be the height of luxury; the constant stream of fresh water, which was continued for some time after the soap was apparently washed out, effectually removing the unpleasant consequences which otherwise attend its use. Of course I put the excellence of the method to the test of immediate experiment, and found it answer my most sanguine expectations. I have been somewhat particular in describing

this contrivance, because I think it deserves the serious attention of all who delight in the luxury of a well appointed dressing-room. I freely make a present of the hint to any speculator who may choose to take out a patent for such an apparatus, and call it the "Cephaloutron." I may, however, as well mention, that I should not object to receive a mahogany crane, a silver urn, and a marble basin, on an elegant pedestal, as a slight token of his gratitude.

Who would visit Brussels without making a pilgrimage to Waterloo? Who would have it said that he had been in Athens and had never trodden upon Marathon. Had the myriads of a second Xerxes been mustering upon that famous plain, the individual whom I hired as a guide could not have started for the scene of action more formidably equipped. A carbine slung at his back, pistols of extraordinary dimensions in his holsters, and a ponderous broadsword swinging by his side constituted his armour, and, aided by enormous whiskers and moustaches, rendered him a most ferocious-looking being. Nor was he deficient in a vocabulary well suited,

as he doubtless imagined, to this warlike exterior.

The very heroism, however, of his speech, led me to suspect the genuineness of his valour. His mouth was too "large," and I speedily discovered that he belonged to the Ancient Pistol tribe, and that in the event of any real danger presenting itself, the only weapons he was likely to employ were his spurs, of which he wore a pair, large in proportion to the magnitude of his other preparations. He was, in the language of Homer,

"A dog in forehead, but in heart a deer."

Of what he stood in dread, indeed, I could not very clearly make out. If, however, banditti were the objects of his terror, I must admit that the nature of the road we had to traverse, in some measure justified his apprehensions. A more convenient locality than the rugged defiles of Pentelicus, through which our horses scrambled and stumbled with great difficulty, could hardly be selected by a brigand for the exercise of his profession. There are two passes by which Athens can be approached from Marathon, either of which, one would

suppose, ten thousand, or a much less number, of resolute men, might defend against the world in arms. Of these, the easiest to travel is that nearest to the coast, in which is the convent of Brana; the other, more inland, and more difficult, contains the convent of St. George. By the latter we went to Marathon, and by the former we returned to Athens.

Every body says Marathon is only ten miles from Athens, so I conclude that must be the distance, though my own opinion would incline me to add a "bittock" to it.

I left Athens, in company with an American gentleman bound on the same expedition, about one o'clock; but being obliged by heavy rain to take shelter for two hours in a wayside inn, we did not reach Marathon till nearly seven. Wet, cold, and hungry, we were glad to procure quarters for the night in a miserable sort of farm-house, belonging, as I understood, to some proprietor who paid it an occasional visit, but which at that time was only occupied by some agricultural labourers and their families, who seemed to be in a wretched state of poverty. They allowed us to occupy the best

room as our sleeping chamber; and as it contained two couches and some blankets, we had no cause to complain of our fortune in that respect. In a sort of kitchen they made up a tolerably good fire, sitting down on the ground by which, we soon managed to dry our clothes. We were no longer wet and cold, but we were still hungry, and our hosts positively assured us they had nothing to give us to eat. I believe they spoke truth; for neither the inquisitorial researches of our formidable guide, nor the extravagant price which we professed ourselves willing to pay for any thing in the shape of food, succeeded, even after much delay, and a visit to several other cottages in the neighbourhood, in producing ought beside a few eggs, and a crust of exceedingly hard black bread. The eggs, and a frying pan, the only culinary utensil in the house, were at length placed before me, with an intimation that, after all, they could not be dressed, "as there was no fat." "Never mind," I replied, "I can fry them in water." Upon this announcement they gathered round with eager curiosity, while I proceeded with the air of a chemical lecturer to demonstrate experimentally

the truth of my assertion. Of course the eggs were well poached, and speedily devoured by my companion and myself. After which I retired to my couch, with the gratification of having acquired some renown on the field of Marathon, and conferred a lasting benefit on the Greeks. I should mention that they indicated their delight and gratitude by producing an earthen bottle of wine, which I applied to my mouth, thinking it could not possibly contain any thing so unpalatable as not to be endured in the absence of better potations. Alas! I was mistaken; it was an acid vinous solution of resin. As soon as I was sufficiently recovered from the effects of the taste to make inquiries, I discovered that the Greek peasants are in the habit of putting the resin of the fir tree into their wine "to keep it," or, as I would rather say, to render it not worth keeping.

Not even the consideration that my sufferings from this vile custom had furnished me with a practical explanation of the fact of the fir being sacred to Bacchus, and the top of his thyrsus being decorated with a fir cone,

was sufficient to console me for the mode in which that mythological lesson was conveyed.

With the dawn of day we were on horseback, and a few minutes' riding brought us to the celebrated spot we had come to visit. Surrounded by mountains, where it is not bounded by the sea, the plain of Marathon presents a noble theatre for the performance of a mighty action. Unlike the scene of many other famous battles, it seems to offer no peculiar advantages to either of two parties who might choose to bring their differences to a bloody arbitrament upon it, affording to both "a fair field and no favour." In such a situation, woe to the vanquished: way of escape there is none, none at least for a body of men in any regular order; individual safety might perhaps be attained in the defiles of the hills, but the rout of a defeated army must, I should imagine, be complete. The Greeks when they descended from the mountains must have resolved, that

"They should see them as victors, or see them no more."

As to the exploit of the ten thousand Greeks putting into confusion by a determined charge

the vast and unwieldy mass of the Persian army, our own experience in modern times has taught us to consider the destruction of such multitudes by small bands of brave and disciplined troops as nothing extraordinary. Our admiration is due rather to Miltiades, whose courage led him to devise and adopt a plan of attack so contrary to the strategy of the age, and whose consummate management succeeded in employing his somewhat intractable and hesitating comrades, as instruments for carrying it into effect, than to any particular valour displayed by the forces under his command. I must not, however, leave it to be supposed that such considerations deprived me of any portion of that interest with which so many recollections conspire to invest the spot, or that I ascended the "Grave of the Persians" with less enthusiastic feelings than such localities excite in the most romantic. I had no difficulty in seeing

"The flying Mede, his shaftless broken bow,  
The fiery Greek, his red pursuing spear."

Indeed, I believe that in the opinion of my guide my "trance" endured for a longer time

than his experience taught him was usual on such occasions; and when he beheld me gather my hat full of the wild flowers which grew on the sides of the little mount, he looked as though, had he been conversant with the writings of *Peter Pindar*, he would have exclaimed,

“ Alas! poor gentleman, I’m sorry for ye,  
And pity much your upper story.”

If such were his conclusions, they must have received complete confirmation when on our road home, ere I could discern any part of Athens, and while we were yet at some distance from it, I beheld, standing as it were in the sky, a magnificent temple. I uttered an exclamation of surprise—The Parthenon! The effect surpassed any thing I had ever witnessed of architectural grandeur, and by a sort of instinctive movement I uncovered my head. The intervening country was of such a nature as exactly to hide the Rock of the Acropolis, and leave the Temple only visible. An ancient worshipper of Jove, under similar circumstances, might have been pardoned for believing that the clouds which conceal his habitation from

mortal sight were for a while withdrawn, so as to afford him a glimpse of the "Palace of the Gods." Advancing a little farther, we came in sight of the Rock of the Acropolis, and the illusive effect was dissipated.

I quitted Athens with reluctance, which is much for one to say whose footsteps were homeward turned, after a twelve years' absence. I cannot indeed better express the deep and absorbing interest excited by my short visit, than by admitting, that with other feelings were mingled those of sadness, as I turned my back, perhaps for ever, upon Athens, and regaining the Piræus, stepped on board the Austrian steamer, which was to bear me nearer to England.

## CHAP. XII.

## ATHENS TO ENGLAND.

ROUTE.—ITS ADVANTAGES.—PATRAS.—CORFU.—ANCONA.—  
 TRIESTE.—QUARANTINE.—VENICE.—MILAN.—CATHEDRAL, ETC.—SPLUGEN PASS.—SWITZERLAND.—ZURICH.—  
 BASLE.—VOYAGE DOWN THE RHINE TO ROTTERDAM.—  
 ARRIVAL IN LONDON.

STEAMERS belonging to the company called the “Austrian Lloyds” leave Constantinople for Trieste twice in each month, calling by the way at the Dardanelles, Smyrna, Syra, Athens, Patras, Corfu, and Ancona. From Trieste a steamer goes three times a week to Venice, from whence we proceeded, viâ Maestre, through Padua, Vicenza, Verona, &c. to Milan; from Milan by the Lake of Como to Chiavenna, where, crossing the Alps by the Splugen Pass, we entered Switzerland, and journeying by Coire and Lake Wallenstadt to Zurich, and thence to Basle, descended the Rhine to Rotterdam. Of a road so *bettravelled* and *tourified* I should say not a word, did I not think I had

a good excuse for so doing, in the utility, of which a slight notice of its advantages and facilities may be to some of my fellow Indians; the majority of whom, by quitting Alexandria in a steamer bound for Falmouth, see nothing but sea and sky; whereas, by adopting the route above mentioned, many interesting spots and objects may be visited, at an expense both of time and money exceeding but little, if at all, the duration and charges of the less entertaining and instructive voyage.

We left the Piræus at four in the afternoon of the 27th of April, and by the following morning had made Cape Matapan. During the 28th we kept coasting along, passing the Gulf of Coron, Bay of Navarino, and other celebrated localities, and at seven, on the morning of the 29th, anchored at Patras.

Patras is situated in the small gulf of that name, which forms, as it were, an antechamber to the larger and more famous Gulf of Lepanto, over which a fine prospect is obtained from the heights about the town, while on the opposite coast may be discerned the celebrated Missolonghi, the Saragossa of the Greek war.

Patras itself is a small town: like other

Greek cities, it has had but little time to recover from the effects of Turkish misrule and revolutionary violence, and that little has been rendered nearly unavailing by an accidental fire. The only object of interest is the old fort or castle, the foundation of which, a tradition—perhaps as authentic as that which ascribes the Tower of London to Julius Cæsar—attributes to the Phœnicians. The citadel within it, is of some strength, but certainly nothing to justify its being held by a small Turkish garrison for three years during the revolutionary war. The circumstance was, probably, more disgraceful to the besiegers than creditable to the besieged. At four in the afternoon we were off again, coasting along the shores of Albania, on which I gazed till night hid them from our view.

By nine in the morning of the 30th we arrived at Corfu, the approach to which from the sea is remarkably pretty. The land is mountainous and covered with olives: the citadel, situated on a commanding height, frowns over the harbour, and below it lies the small, neat, and clean-looking town. In the harbour is the fortified islet of Vido: little

of the works are visible, which to an engineer is a beauty; but they are said to have cost nearly a million sterling, and are not yet finished or armed. On landing, after viewing the citadel, from the top of which is obtained an extensive prospect over the island, we hired a carriage, and, trusting to the taste of the coachman, certainly had a most beautiful drive. The country appeared one continued garden, in a high state of cultivation, and the scenery very picturesque, especially, the view from the "One-gun Battery," to which I would recommend the passing stranger to direct himself to be taken. At four we again started, and by the afternoon of the following day, the 1st, could descry Italy—the distant coast of Manfredonia.

In the afternoon of the following day (the 2d) we stopped for about three hours at Ancona. The small artificial harbour is extremely neat; the town, which appears large, rises from the water, covering the face of the hills on which it stands. Being in quarantine, and not permitted to land, we were obliged to content ourselves with contemplating it from the vessel.

The morning of the 3d found us at Trieste where, again, we were obliged to perform quarantine; here, however, no very lengthy business, provided you are prepared to perform "spoglio:" the mode of doing which varies from the same ceremony as performed at Syra, inasmuch as no fumigation will sanction the removal of your baggage before the twentieth day, while personal liberty may be obtained by taking a bath on the third morning after entrance, and dressing in entirely new garments brought in from the town; leaving your own clothes to be forwarded afterwards. This plan we adopted. A tailor whom we summoned for the purpose, took our measure by looking at us through a grating, assisted by information as to our height; the "fit" was far better than might have been expected under the circumstances, and the morning of the 6th of May beheld us in the streets of Trieste—once more in Europe, and at perfect liberty.

Trieste is an exceedingly handsome town, the houses high and large, the streets wide, well-paved, and clean, the shops elegant, and well supplied, all, in short, doing justice to the

foresight of Napoleon, who selected it as the site of a great commercial port. At ten the same evening we embarked in a small steamer for Venice, which we reached at seven on the following morning. Time prevented our staying in Venice more than two days, every moment of which we occupied to the best advantage. I shall recapitulate the sights we were enabled to see in that short space, because I should have been most glad of such a guiding memorandum myself, and therefore hope it may be of use to others. Time, which might be more profitably employed, is often consumed in answering the questions, To what hotel shall we go? What is best worth seeing? What shall we visit first? &c. Guide books, voluminous as they must necessarily be on such a subject as "Venice," afford but little aid in this respect. A multitude of good things are there detailed, but the task of selection is still left to the traveller. If any one, feeling this embarrassment, be content to trust himself to my guidance, I would say, Step into one of the gondolas which throng about the steamer on her arrival, and direct yourself to be conveyed to the "Leone Bianco," situated in the grand canal between

the Post-office and the Rialto. On arrival, send for Battista Gallina, or any other equally good cicerone. Bid him hire for you a gondola by the day, and tell him you wish to see, in the order the most convenient, on account of their respective localities, the churches of Saint Mark, Santa Maria della Salute, SS. Giovanni e Paolo, Chiesa Gesuiti, Santa Maria Gloriosa, S. Giorgio Maggiore, and the Confrérie de Saint Roque, the ducal palace, the Campanile, the state prisons, the arsenal, the Rialto; and desire him, in passing through the grand and other canals, to draw your attention to the principal palaces, those, for instance, of the "Foscari," the "Pesaros," the "Ca d'Oro," &c. To an attentive examination of the various treasures of art, which you will behold in these buildings, you should devote the days: the evenings, after the refreshment of a dinner, may be most pleasantly spent amid the picturesque groups which fill the "Piazza S. Marco," to enjoy beneath an Italian sky the music of the bands of the Austrian regiments, eat ices, drink coffee, and laugh. Of course, Venice is not, and never can again be, what once she was; yet, amid that still joyous scene,

one can easily believe that, in the day of her glory, she might well have been termed

“ The pleasant place of all festivity,  
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy.”

How frequently does the excited imagination experience disappointment in visiting scenes on which it has been previously allowed to feed its anticipations! Venice, however, must be regarded as an exception to this general observation. Give the reins to imagination, check not the thick-coming fancies which cluster round her very name, listen to her history from the lips of poetry or romance, and then “go visit her,” and “soothly say,” whether all description, all preconceived ideas, fall not short of the splendid reality. Her churches! What language can be called exaggerated when applied to them? Saint Mark’s, perhaps, is not so elegant as Santa Maria della Salute, but it has more of ancient grandeur, more of historic recollection attached to it. What witness does its magnificence bear to the wealth and piety of the old “Planters of the Lion!” Most valued of all its treasures, it contains the body of Saint Mark. The plain white marble

slab behind the high altar, which records the fact, has only the simple words

“Corpus Divi Sancti Marci Evangelistæ.”

Talking of epitaphs, I could not, in reading some of those in the churches of Venice, help acknowledging the force of Mr. Addison’s observation, “that a foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea of the ignorance or politeness of a nation from the turn of their public monuments and inscriptions,” and fancying I could deduce the character of the haughty aristocracy of Venice from the style in which they have inscribed their last resting places. Thus, as though they were too proud to be vain, the stone which marks the entrance to the vault of the Valerii, in the church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, bears only

“Valerianum Principum Cineres.”

The ashes of the Valerian princes.

They were too celebrated to need further eulogy, or too proud to bestow it on themselves. Those who delight in making pilgrimages to the tombs of the mighty dead must not forget to pause in the church of Santa Maria Gloriosa before those of Titian and

Canova. A simple tablet covers the former; Canova reposes beneath an elaborate piece of sculpture, designed by himself for Titian. The emperor has, I hear, invited the artists of Germany to compete for the honour of erecting a fitting monument to Titian. In the same church I was also much struck by the epitaph of one of the Pesaros.

“ Vixit Annos LXX.

Devixit—Martii, MDCXLIX.

Revixit—Martii, MDCXLIX.”

I forget the precise day—but there is something grand in the idea of recording under the same date his departure from this life and his entrance into a new existence. The church of Santa Maria della Salute is a noble temple, erected over the site of the cottage where occurred the first case of the great plague which devastated Venice, and the cessation of which was supposed to be mainly owing to the prayers and intercessions of the blessed Virgin. Oh those disciples of Loyola! despite all their faults and errors they must have been magnificent fellows! In the Chiesa Gesuiti they have, at least, well acted up to their motto—

“ Ad majorem Gloriam Dei.”

The walls are encrusted with Verd antique marble; round the richly carved pulpit there appears to hang drapery, but that too is marble! Here also is the “ Peter Martyr,” said to be Titian’s master-piece. It may be so, but it is so badly placed as to be scarcely visible.

The Confrérie de Saint Roque is a most magnificent sight. Monarchs and princes constitute the fraternity, and the splendid rooms well become such a princely brotherhood. The whole of the embellishments are by Tintoretto; the grand staircase is said to be the finest in Europe. I can well believe it. In one of the rooms is the celebrated crucifixion of Tintoretto. Competition being invited, the artist, in an incredibly short space of time, sent the finished picture, while his competitors submitted only designs: he was successful, though he had Titian for a rival.

The traveller should endeavour to appropriate as many hours as possible to the inspection of the Palace. To describe it is impossible: it must be felt; and each individual will ex-

perience sensations differing according to his temperament, and turn of thought, as he wanders through those sumptuous halls, as he passes from the chamber of the Senate to that of the Forty, to that of the Ten, or finds himself in the Cabinet of the Mysterious Three. Perhaps his eye will dwell on the combined effect of *all* the gorgeous magnificence around him, till dazzled with its splendour: perhaps a cultivated taste may enable him to select for more particular contemplation some of the choicer *morceaux* from the treasures around; or, perchance comparatively heedless of the present, he may see visions of the past. For him the Senate-chamber may be re-peopled, and in his ear may sound the voice of the swarthy soldier at the bar, as he commences in words, so descriptive of the assembly he addresses,

“ Most potent, grave, and reverend Signiors.”

From whatever source it be derived, however, none, I am sure, will depart without experiencing the highest gratification from these more than regal chambers.

If modern philanthropy err in making our

prisons too comfortable, the old Venetians assuredly fell into the opposite error. The dungeons, to which the "Bridge of Sighs" leads from the Palace, must have been, or rather are, a disgrace to humanity: it makes one shudder to think of rational beings buried three stories deep below the earth's surface! below the water! and the horrid cell, with all the conveniences for private execution! the blood drains! faugh! one still fancies it savours of the bloody work! I was glad to regain the daylight, and to start off for the Arsenal.

But little work is now doing, where, in honour of Charles V., a galley is said to have been begun and finished on the day of his arrival in Venice. Much, however, yet remains to interest the traveller—the sheds in which the galleys were built, the state barges of the Imperial family, and especially the Model Room and Armoury. In the former is a splendid and large model of the *Bucen-taur*, ornamented and caparisoned as when she bore the husband Doge to wed his Adriatic spouse. In the Armoury the weapons of ancient and modern war are somewhat incongruously grouped together. Among the more

interesting specimens is a suit of armour worn by Henry the Fourth of France, and presented by him to the republic, as a token of "his friendship and regard."

No one, unless he be very asthmatic, should quit Venice without ascending the Campanile, or bell tower, in which hangs the "great bell of St. Mark's," the voice, we might almost call it, of the ancient state: the signal agreed upon between her and her children, at the sound of which they were bound to assemble for her defence, to deliberate for her safety, to listen to her behests, or to witness her justice. From the lofty tower an accurate idea is obtained of the topography of the "Sea Cybele," "her throne of a hundred isles," and her "diadem of towers." "A hundred isles" sounds more poetical, but I believe seventy-two is the real and exact number.

At midnight of the 8th of May, we left "Il Teatro Gallo," after witnessing the performance of "La Vestale;" and embarking at the Post-office in the "mail boat," set out for Maestre, which we reached about two; and, entering the Diligence, jogged on towards Padua, where we halted for a short time and breakfasted.

A hasty run through some of the principal streets, a hurried look at some of the chief buildings, was all we were able to indulge in. And yet I felt much pleased — self-satisfied. At what? At having been in Padua even for a few minutes. Am I asked why? I can give no better reasons than that it was founded by Antenor; that Virgil has recorded that fact.

*“Hic tamen ille, urbem Patavi, sedesque locavit  
Teucrorum.”*

That it was the birth-place of Livy; and that one wizard, named Walter Scott, has described another wizard, named Michael Scott, as acquiring unhallowed lore in its famous University.

*“In Padua, far beyond the sea,  
He learnt the art that none may name.”*

Very absurd reasons truly, some will exclaim: those who have never derived a similar pleasure from equally slight and ideal causes will, and may, laugh.

Being thus easily gratified, of course I was pleased at visiting Verona, where we stopped to dine. Such a constellation as Cornelius Nepos, Catullus, and the elder Pliny, may be

allowed to shed undying interest over their native city, even if Scaliger, Maffei, and Paul Veronese, had not arisen in more modern days to twinkle among them.

Verona, according to Ovid, joyed as much in Catullus as Mantua in Virgil.

“Mantua Virgilio gaudet, Verona Catullo.”

Verona, however, claims a yet more direct interest in the feelings of every Englishman—twice visited and hallowed by the genius of Shakspeare, it calls to mind Romeo, Juliet, The Apothecary, Mercutio, Valentine, Proteus.

An itinerant cicerone, perceiving me to be a stranger, volunteered to conduct me to the “Tomb of Juliet.” I declined the offer for two reasons; first, because I did not believe it to be in existence, and, secondly, because if it were, I did not desire to have my romantic notions of the tomb of the lovers disturbed by any obstinate facts.

That a magnificent tomb once existed, there is, I think, no reason to doubt. In the original history, first published at Venice in 1549, as well as in Bandello’s poem on the subject, which was done into English by Arthur

Brookes in 1562, it is particularly alluded to and described:—

And lest that length of time might from our minds remoue  
The memory of so perfect, sound, and so approued loue,  
The bodies dead, remoued from vaults where they did dye,  
In statelý tombe on pillers great of marble rayse they hye;  
On every side aboue were set, and eke beneath  
Great store of cunning epitaphes in honour of theyr death.  
And even at this day the tombe is to be seene;  
So that among the monuments that in Verona been,  
There is no monument more worthy of the sight,  
Than is the tombe of Juliet, and Romeus her knight."

As, however, a traveller of credit in 1726 asserts, that it was not there *then*, I think we may conclude, that if it be there *now*, it has been "built to order" *since*.

The guide books describe Verona as containing, "besides the Cathedral, forty-eight parish, and thirteen other churches, forty-one convents, eighteen hospitals, and various other public buildings." All these we were compelled to leave unseen, save the ancient amphitheatre, a fine specimen of the old Roman way of doing things on a large scale: its stone benches are said to be capable of accommodating 55,000 spectators!

About eight in the evening we reached the

Lago di Garda; and night closing in, we could see no more of the country, which, however rich and beautiful, had appeared to us during the whole day to wear a great sameness of aspect. Long rows of mulberry trees, with various crops between them, and vines festooned from tree to tree, seemed to be the universal mode of occupying the ground. We viewed the scene to the best advantage; for in another month all the trees would have been denuded to feed the silkworms.

Passing through Brescia, and several other towns, we reached Bergamo at six, and Milan at eleven o'clock on the morning of the 10th of May.

We were not long before we paid a visit to the Cathedral. Climbing amid its forest of light and airy pinnacles, we stood at length upon the highest:—

—— “ Oh, 'tis a lovely sight to see  
What Heaven hath done for that delicious land;”

the rich plain stretching away to the Alps on the one side, and to the Apennines on the other, and the fair city below you—fit and apparent queen of all around her!

Commenced in 1386, the exterior of the Cathedral is not even yet completed; among the deficiencies are a number of little spires surmounted by statues. Napoleon took some steps towards completing it in this respect; and either his own idea, or the flattery of the artist employed, has made the work subservient to the perpetuation of his own features; and they occur in several of the statues, doing duty as saints: it was curious to see his well-known physiognomy peering at you from under a mitre! While he was adorning the exterior, he was pillaging the interior of the church. The silver bas reliefs about the shrine of St. Carlo Borromeo weigh 400,000 francs; and the "little corporal" thought the metal would be more useful to him than to the saint. He did not take them, however; for, as he only wanted the bullion, he willingly accepted the same weight of silver, tendered him in coin as a ransom by the Milanese; thus avoiding the odium of destroying works of rare art, and saving himself the trouble of converting them into current coin.

In a small subterraneous octagon-shaped chapel, which receives a scanty and sombre

light through a grating in the pavement of the Cathedral above, the remains of Carlo Borromeo are awaiting the resurrection of the just. If history and tradition speak truly of his character, and if Christian excellence is to be proportionably rewarded, few things are destined to shine with brighter lustre through eternity than the withered relic of mortality which is here exposed to our view.

Upon the altar is a massive silver sarcophagus of elaborate workmanship, which, by turning a winch, is made to descend, and discover the rock-crystal coffin of the saint: the plates of crystal are unusually large; and are said to be more valuable than the 4000 ounces of silver settings by which they are held together. He is dressed "*in pontificalibus*" as Cardinal Archbishop of Milan: within the coffin are various rich jewels, &c., the gifts of pious monarchs, and others; and over his head is suspended a golden crown, the exquisite workmanship of Benvenuto Cellini, emblematic, I conclude, of that which is to encircle those brows for ever. On the walls around are the bas reliefs above mentioned, descriptive of various passages in the life of the saint.

Of the Cathedral itself I say not a word. All I conclude have heard of its beauty and magnificence, or, at least, those who have not can only hope to acquire an idea of it from an account far more detailed than the size of this little volume admits. The other objects which the traveller, however hurried, should make an effort to see before quitting Milan are the Hospital, the Triumphal Arch, and the Amphitheatre.

The Hospital is a most extensive building, or rather three palaces, given at several times by their owners for this purpose, and united in one. The Triumphal Arch, a beautiful specimen of architecture, is also perhaps one of the most striking memorials of the instability of fortune. Designed by Napoleon to commemorate his own victories, a few alterations in the battle pieces which adorn the various compartments have converted it into a record of his defeats, and the eventual triumph of his foes. The amphitheatre is also a work of Napoleon's, and was intended to be exactly like a Roman one. I know not how it is, but the modern Emperor has failed in catching the stern grandeur of the ancient Roman. I had almost forgotten

to mention, that in the refectory of the suppressed convent of the church Della Grázia is the far-famed Cena of Leonardo da Vinci, — a sight to be seen, to the exclusion, if necessary, of all others save the Cathedral.

At three in the afternoon of the 11th we quitted Milan by Diligence for Coire in Switzerland. Passing through Monza, and during the night along the Lake of Como, by Lecco and Colicot, we reached Chiavenna, where we breakfasted, early in the morning.

Shortly after leaving Chiavenna commenced the ascent of the “Splügen Pass.” This grand work was designed by, and all the most difficult parts of it executed under the auspices of, Napoleon, although a pompous inscription on a tablet in the rock gives the honour to “Francis, Emperor of Austria.” Twisting and turning, amid smiling landscape scenery, the road winds up the mountains, while picturesque, and neat-looking villages, each with its little church, seem to tell of contentment and happiness. Soon, however, we began to get beyond the region of man. Vegetation exhibited itself only in the fir trees, except indeed in the verdant and flowery turf, which kept us company to the limits of

the snow. The season was later, and the snow deeper, than usual: the road had only been rendered passable three days previously; and as it was, we wended our way amid walls of snow, which far overtopped the Diligence, and must, I should think, have been from fifteen to eighteen feet high. About two we had reached nearly the highest elevation; and having there been troubled for the last time with an examination of passports at an Austrian Custom House, which serves also as a house of refuge to travellers, we commenced our descent, driving, with seeming negligence, and frightful rapidity, along the unguarded edges of precipices, over which one could not look without awe. The towering rocks and wooded ravines are certainly sublime; and the effect is much heightened by the torrents rushing in all directions to the plains below, to nurture the infant Rhine. Following their course, as they gathered strength and volume, we reached, about four o'clock, the village of Splugen in the Rheinwald. Here, crossing the Rhine for the first time, we gained the little inn, where we dined; and immediately after, recommencing our progress towards Coire, arrived there

soon after midnight, and started again before dawn, on route to Zurich. The whole of the day we continued to journey through a most beautiful country, traversing Lake Wallenstadt in a small steamer, and during the afternoon skirted along the Lake of Zurich. On its shores are numerous villages, and many extremely pretty detached villas, especially in the immediate vicinity of the town of Zurich itself, which stands at the northern extremity of the lake, and which we reached about six o'clock. It contains various handsome buildings, large manufactories, &c., none of which we paused to examine, starting the same evening for Basle; where, by dint of travelling all night, we arrived on the morning of the 14th, barely in time for the steamer. I regretted much being unable to remain longer in a place so full of interest, a disappointment which our first day's voyage down the Rhine in no way contributed to alleviate. Occasionally the banks are enlivened by a picturesque village or small town, but on the whole the scenery was very far below my anticipations.

At two we reached Strasburg, and took up our quarters in the Hôtel de Ville de Paris.

A military visiter will be interested in Strasburg, as one of the strongest fortified towns in Europe, and a principal arsenal of France. Those who cannot appreciate such things, and have only a few hours to remain in Strasburg, may employ them agreeably in visiting the Cathedral,—a fine building, but so built up as to be seen to great disadvantage,—and the church of St. Thomas, in which is Canova's celebrated monument to Marshal Saxe. A grim and draped skeleton is summoning the hero to descend into the tomb, which it is holding open for him, while France, with a countenance beautifully expressive of grief, is deprecating his doing so. In the market-place is a statue of Guttenberg, who disputes, or at least shares with Faust and Schœffer, the merit of the invention of printing. He was born at Mentz; but Strasburg delighteth to honour him for having made her the theatre of his important labours and discoveries.

Leaving Strasburg at 9 A. M., we arrived at Mannheim at five in the afternoon, after a most uninteresting day's voyage. The Hôtel de l'Europe at Mannheim is itself a sight worth seeing, a perfect palace. The traveller of

moderate means need not, however, be deterred by its appearance from entering it, the charges being extremely reasonable. The opera, should by all means be visited. Two francs and a half procure admission into the box reserved for strangers, and insure a rich musical treat, lasting from half past six to eight, at which sober hour the performances close; and after a stroll on the promenades, a cup of coffee, or an ice, the play-goers return home, and the town is quiet. What an improvement is this on our three or four pieces in the same night, as though we paid for being tired, and not for being amused! Our course down the river on the following day was rendered somewhat more entertaining by passing Worms, Mayence, Coblantz, and Ehrenbreitstein, all places sufficiently famous in history to excite one's interest in beholding them.

At eight we reached Cologne, where we stopped for the night. The Cathedral, of course, claimed the whole of our little time. The interior presents no object deserving of peculiar notice, the shrine of the Three Kings being but a very paltry-looking affair; the building itself is magnificent, but unfinished. Late events have

drawn the eyes of the world to the attempts now making to complete it. Should they be successful, they will practically confute the authenticity of a legend, which at once accounts for its not having been hitherto completed, and declares that it never will be. When it was first purposed to erect a cathedral at Cologne, a young aspirant to the honour of being the architect was strolling at midnight on the banks of the river, restless, probably, with excited and almost despairing ambition, when a mysterious being stood beside him, who, revealing himself as the enemy of mankind, offered, on the usual condition of his dealings, to furnish him with a design for the intended edifice, which should carry off the prize from all competitors. The bribe was too tempting; and it was finally agreed, that an interview should take place between the parties, on the following night at the same hour, for the purpose of exchanging the necessary documents. With the light of day, however, came to the bosom of the artist remorse for his deeds of darkness, and he sought the advice of his spiritual director, who, deeming the matter deserving the cog-

nisance of the bishop, laid the case before him. To allow the penitent to complete a bargain so disadvantageous to himself was not to be thought of, still the worthy ecclesiastics were unwilling to lose so splendid a design, as they felt convinced would be produced. At length, they hit on an expedient for cheating the infernal architect, which, under their direction, the artist forthwith proceeded to put in practice. Keeping his appointment, he found the other party equally punctual, and displaying a design, which the skill of the artist at once saw would place him beyond the reach of mortal competition. Pretending to be about to sign the document required of him, he made a sudden grasp at the coveted plan, and succeeded in obtaining it, minus a corner torn off in the scuffle. He instantly commenced a form of exorcism, with which he had been furnished by his clerical friends, of such potency, that the deluded fiend was compelled to beat a retreat. Before taking his departure, however, in candidly acknowledging himself "done," he said, with all the rancour of disappointed malignity, "It is true that design will be adopted; but the object you

have at heart, your own lasting fame, shall be defeated. The work shall never be finished, for no human architect can supply the part I have torn off, and, moreover, your name shall perish: no one in after ages shall know who was the architect of the Cathedral of Cologne."

One part of this supposed prophecy has proved true; no one can tell the name of the designer of this celebrated building. It remains to be seen, whether the prophet can so far disturb the present feeling of unanimity, which has excited Germany to the task of completing it, as again to stop the progress of the Cathedral of Cologne.

From Cologne to Arnheim, where we arrived about ten at night, our voyage was, I thought, very uninteresting. Before re-embarking in the morning, we had time to take a hasty view of the town, which appeared to be as demure-looking, quaint-styled, and clean as I had always pictured to myself Dutch towns to be.

Of this style, Rotterdam, which we reached at six that evening, is a splendid specimen. Its roomy, substantial, yet unpretending man-

sions, tell you, as plainly as though they spoke, that they are inhabited by sensible, wealthy, commercial men, who understand and enjoy the real comforts and luxuries of life, while they care little for the vanities of external parade and display.

Like Venice, Rotterdam appears to rise out of the waters, though there is as much difference in the manner of her doing so, and in the effect produced by it, as there is between a phlegmatic Dutchman and a warm-blooded Italian. In Rotterdam, as in Venice, there are canals in all the principal streets; but in the former space has in general been left between the canal and the houses to admit of a foot and carriage way. Wooden piles have been driven into the sands to give solidity to the subsoil, and on these the houses are erected. In Rotterdam I could have spent agreeably as many days as I did hours, had not a city of still more interest to us been now within a day's journey. Mighty London! Leaving Rotterdam at ten on the morning of the 19th, the dawn of the 20th discovered to us the shores of England. We were soon in the river. Name not the Rhine in comparison

with it! I would recommend tourists in voyaging down the Thames to visit the Rhine, to keep a bandage on their eyes, or they will find their anticipated pleasure much lessened by the disadvantageous contrast.

We reached the Tower Stairs precisely at 12 o'clock, having been forty-three days from Alexandria. Compare this time with that consumed in the direct passage from Alexandria to Falmouth, and the performance of quarantine *there*, and the voyager by that route will be found to gain but little, even in point of time, while of what he deprives himself, in the way of amusement, it has been my object in this hasty sketch to give him some slight idea.

Reader, we have not travelled thus far together, without your having discovered a partiality for quotations to be among my other weaknesses. As I cannot conscientiously deprecate the censure, I will even brave it, and bid you adieu in the words of the old poet, —

“Sed nos immensum spatiis confecimus æquor,  
Et jam tempus equûm fumantia solvere colla.”

Of which, in order to make my offence less gross, I give the following translation : —

So far together we have driven,

„ And through so many places,

'Tis time to rest, so let us stop—

Off, collars ! and off, traces !

THE END.

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